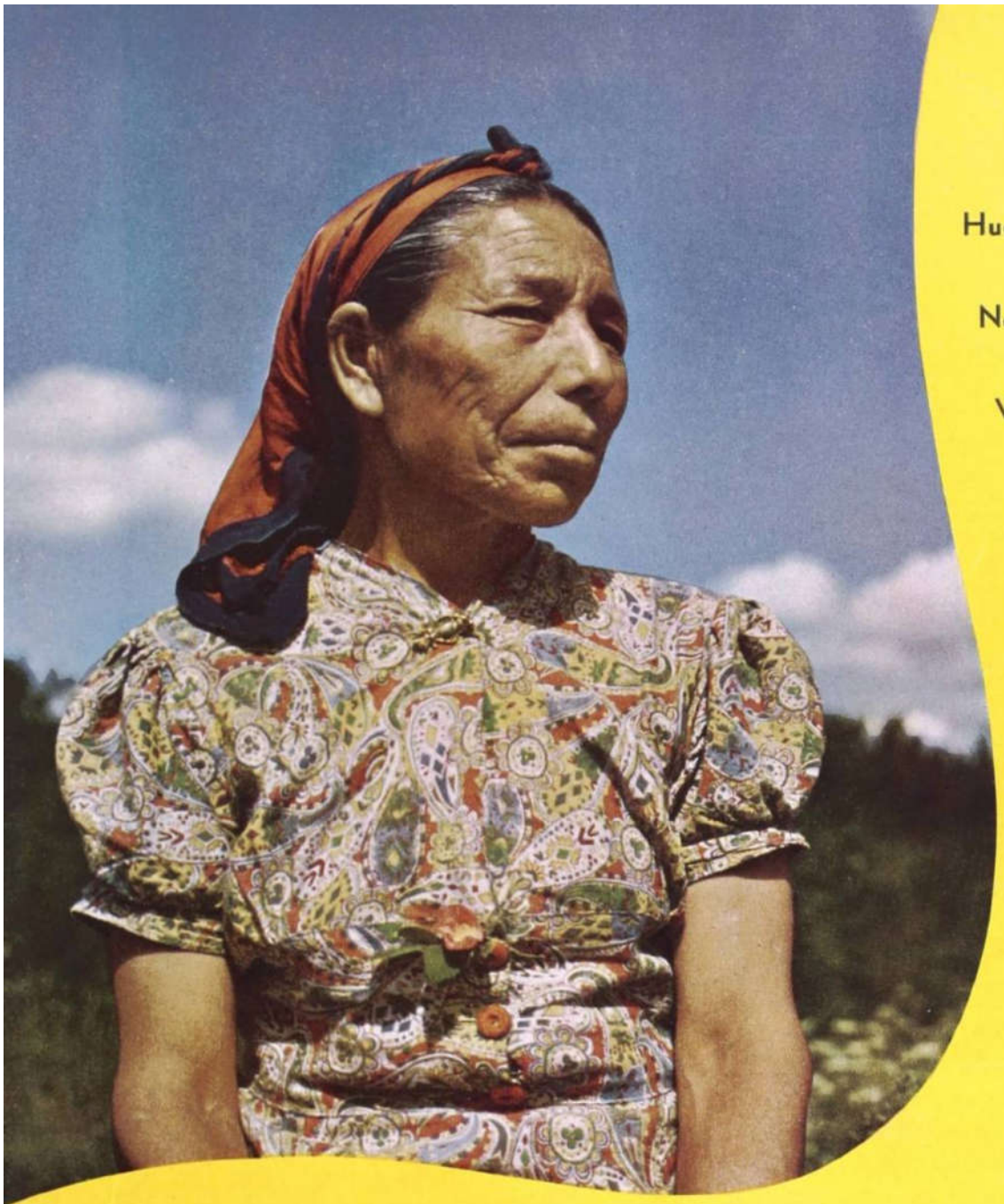

Hudson's Hope
The Harringtons

Northern Journey
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Winnipeg Floods
Frank Walker
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Canadian Metis
W. L. Morton

Cree Woman, Lac la Ronge. *R. Harrington.*

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

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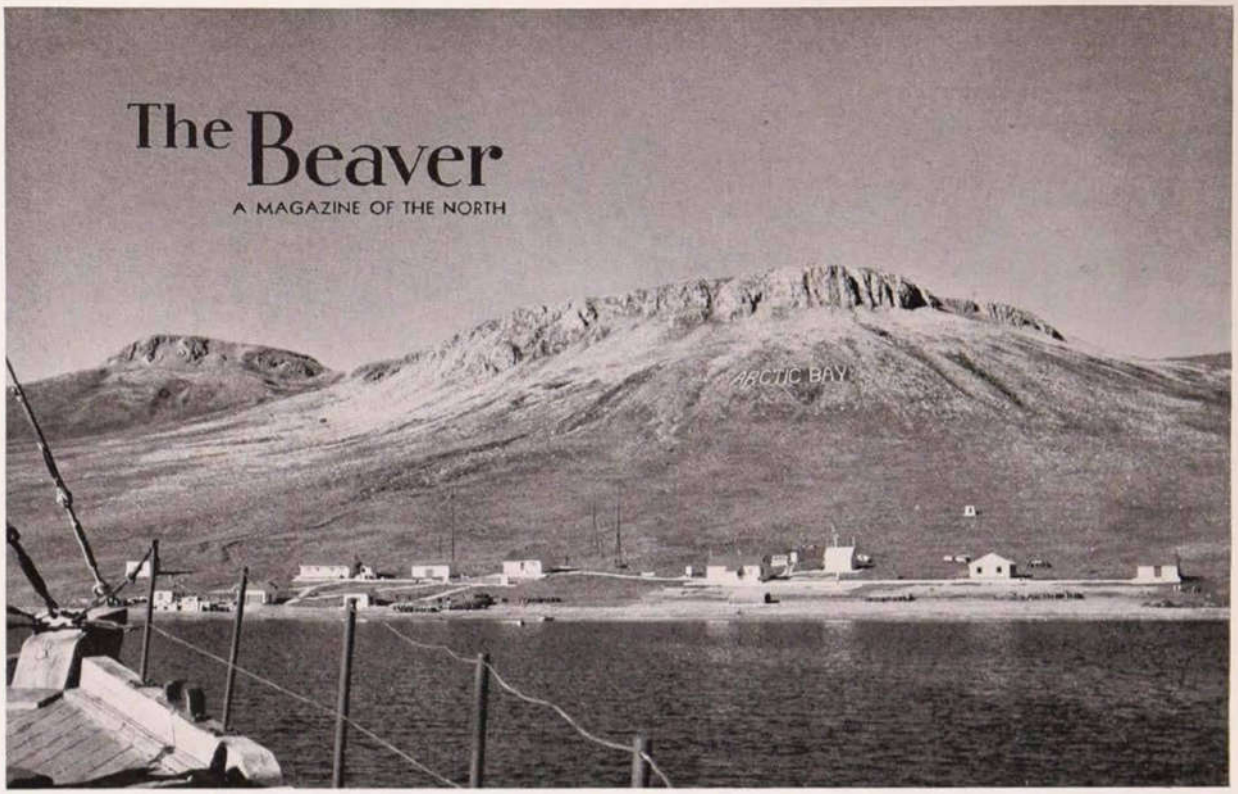

HBC's most northerly post. *J. G. Cormack*

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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Half-breeds running buffalo, by Paul Kane. *Coe Collection.*

The Canadian Metis

An appreciation of Marcel Giraud's magnificent study of the western half-breeds, "Le Metis Canadien," published by the Institut d'Ethnologie in Paris.

by W. L. Morton

IN the Red River colony civilization and barbarism met and mingled. On the one hand was the sedentary agricultural economy of the colony, on the other the nomadic hunting economy of the Plains. This admixture of civilized life and barbaric, this conjunction of settled and roving ways, indeed occurred in the very persons of the half-breed population of Red River and the West.

The result was a society quaint and unique, in which were reconciled the savagery of the Indian and the culture of Europe. The reconciliation was transient, however, dependent as it was on the continuation of the fur trade on the Plains. When the agricultural frontier advanced into the Red River Valley in the 1870's and the last buffalo herds were destroyed in the 1880's, the half-breed community of the West, *la nation métisse*, was doomed, and made its last ineffectual protest against extinction in the Saskatchewan Rebellion of 1885.

Such is the theme of M. Giraud's massive and monumental study, at once historical and sociological, of the French half-breeds and their part in the history of the provinces of the Canadian West. The study is thorough, complete and definitive. It is at once a sociological analysis of the problems of racial mixture and a history of the West from the first penetration by white men to 1885.

The scholarship which assembled this great accumulation of information is admirable. The bibliography is exhaustive. The documentation exceeds that brought to any comparable work in western Canadian history. In particular one notes the extensive and precise documentation from the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company. No one has used that rich depository to greater effect, and all students of western Canadian history will be grateful to M. Giraud and to the Company for having made so much new information available.

M. Giraud presents the Métis four square, in all his vivacity, colour and historical significance, and depicts the first beginnings of the mixed race, its swift rise to "national" consciousness, its half century of coherent life, and demonstrates the inevitability and pathos of its doom.

It is an achievement all students and lovers of Western history will welcome, for the history of the Métis nation is as significant as it is pathetic. The unions of white fathers and Indian mothers from which the group sprang were a consequence of the penetration of Indian society by the fur trade. The white trader was isolated in the

primitive life of the tribes. To prosecute the trade, he had to live with, and as, the Indians. To the Indian way of life the work of Indian women was indispensable, as Matonabbee explained to Hearne. The extraordinary hospitality and lax morals of many tribes, and the desire of Indian women to obtain husbands of less exacting tempers and more prestige, also played their part in producing mixed unions and offspring of mixed blood. The more isolated the white man, as in the *dérouine*, (the practice of wintering with an Indian band to trade) the more likely was a union to be formed.

The mingling of the two races, M. Giraud points out, occurred in two strongly defined currents. One took its rise in the French fur trade of the St. Lawrence. The *coureurs de bois*, who represented the first loss of French civilization to the wilderness, entered into unions with Indian women which sometimes became permanent. The other current had its source in the English trade on the shores of Hudson Bay. From the former came the French half-breeds, the Métis proper, the more numerous, the more primitive, because of the character of the French trade in which the trader went among the Indians. The latter was less numerous, partly because mixed unions were sternly, if not altogether effectually, forbidden by the Hudson's Bay Company, and more inclined, because of the more stable character of the Company's trade, to incline to the father's way of life. Despite the separate origins, the children of both streams of admixture had bonds of union in a common maternal ancestry and a common dependence on the fur trade.

The fate of these offspring of mixed unions was, in fact, charged with a deep significance. The central theme of Canadian history is perhaps that of the contact of civilization with the wilderness, of ancient culture and primitive barbarism. How much of inherited culture would survive the struggle to conquer the primitive environment of forest and plain? How would culture and environment be reciprocally modified in the struggle? This fundamental question was personified in the Métis. Would he follow his mother's people and become a nomad of the woods and plains, or would he assume his father's ways and submit to the discipline of the plough and the pen? The former was the easier course, but it would lead to defeat with the Indian, to Batoche, as it did, and to the scaffold at Regina. In reality, the Métis as a group were never to choose one way or the other, but, pulled both ways incessantly, sought a compromise between white and red man's way, a reconciliation between civilization and barbarism. These, indeed, they found in Red River between 1821 and 1869.

While the fur trade was the cause of the mixed unions, however, it could not afford employment for all the children of such unions. Many were absorbed by their mother's people. Many became hangers-on at the posts. Only the brighter lads could hope to be received into the trade as clerks, only the steadier to be employed as hunters or boatmen, only the prettier girls could hope to win white husbands. The various consolidations among the Montreal traders also led to the discharge of many servants who became the "free men" of the West. These men, with their Indian wives and half-breed children, had no claim on the trade, and it was they who were the true founders of the Métis ethnic group, distinct at once from the whites and the Indians.

By means of gifts, the buying of the produce of their hunts and occasional employment, the North West Company kept the loyalty of the Métis of the southern nucleus. In them they had as semi-dependent followers a large body of men—free, warlike and impressionable. When the rivalry with the Hudson's Bay Company—after the reorganization of that Company in 1810 and the founding

Two photographs of half-breeds taken in 1858 at Red River Settlement by H. S. Hime. "Wigwam," an Ojibway hunter, and Susan, of Swampy Cree ancestry.

of Selkirk's colony—changed from commercial competition, keen but on the whole peaceful, to a life and death struggle, the Nor'Westers found in the Métis loyal dupes. They incited them to advance a claim to the lands of the West through their Indian mothers, thus supporting the unextinguished Indian title against the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company under the Charter. They fanned their group-consciousness by assuring them that they were a "new nation," neither white nor red, but sprung from both, and the potential masters of the West. Thus inflamed, the Métis of the Plains and Parklands played, under Cuthbert Grant, their well-known part in harrying and destroying Selkirk's colony on Red River. This story M. Giraud tells well in hitherto unequalled detail, down to the clash at Seven Oaks.

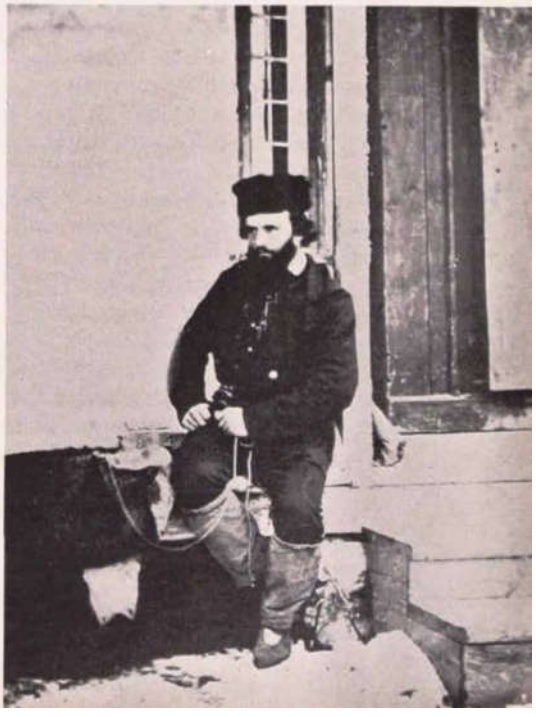
It is in the account of the aftermath of Seven Oaks, however, that new and significant proportions are revealed. The military force of the Métis Selkirk checked by means of the De Meurons. In the re-settlement of the colony, the arrangement of future relations with the Métis constituted the major part. Selkirk won the Métis of the Red River valley to the view that the colony would be, not a threat to their way of life and their freedom, but a sanctuary and a home. To confirm this reconciliation between the new, proud and formidable nomads of the plains and parklands and his struggling colony, Selkirk invoked the aid of the Church, and the coming of Fathers Provencher and Dumoulin followed. The union of the companies in 1821 sealed the reconciliation, and the Métis who under Nor'-West tutelage would have reverted to Indian barbarism and become true nomads of the plains, became, under the triple influence of a civilized colony, the peaceful monopoly of the fur trade, and the missionary efforts of the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, subject to the influence of civilization as never before.

The reconciliation was not perfect; memories of Seven Oaks lingered on both sides. The forces of civilization were strengthened but not victorious. The Métis felt increasingly the counter-stresses of the nomadic life of the plains and woods and of the agents of white civilization. In this uneasy tension, this perpetual ambivalence, lies the explanation of the restless character of the Métis and the sudden violence of 1836, 1849, and 1869.

The acceptance by the Métis of the Red River colony and the ending of strife in the fur trade by the union of the companies, opened the great half century of the Métis, the years from 1821 to 1869. A compromise between civilization and barbarism, between a sedentary and a nomadic economy, and, be it said, between Christianity and paganism, was achieved in Red River. In such an environment, which perfectly reflected their own intermediate character, the Métis were at home and could flourish. There also the discharged servant and the retiring factor could find a congenial home for Indian wives and half-breed children they were unwilling to abandon, or to remove to Canada or Great Britain.

This great compromise is best perceived in the economy of Red River. Selkirk's attempt to found a European agricultural settlement in the western wilderness was only partially successful. From 1812 to 1827, in what M. Giraud calls "the years of uncertainty," it was doubtful whether agriculture could be successfully practised on the banks of the Red. Then, after the great flood of 1826, when the crops did begin to flourish, it was only by a series of adaptations to the environment, and at a low level of performance, that a semi-agricultural society was firmly established. Even in Kildonan, where agriculture was most highly developed, the purchase of "plains provisions" (buffalo meat) was a necessary part of providing the means of existence.

Letitia Bird and John McKay, both part Cree. Photographed by Hime 93 years ago. *Public Archives of Canada.*



During the years of uncertainty, that is, Métis and colonists alike were dependent on the hunt. As a result the buffalo hunts were organized during those years, beginning at Pembina and shifting to Red River with the concentration of population there after the reduction of staff at the union and after Pembina was discovered to be on American territory. It was the nomadic economy which had saved the agricultural colony, and thereafter the two survived side by side, mutually interdependent. The Métis of the West made Red River their principal settlement, but were able to continue there their traditional mode of life as trappers in the park belt and the Shield and as hunters on the plains, nomads no longer, but semi-nomads still. As Giraud writes of "the years of stabilization" 1828-1869: "More than ever it was the *Bois-Brulés* who gave Red River Colony its distinctive character and who made it different from the settlements which were forming, during the same period, on the plains of the Middle West.

"Their mode of life grew more definite, in effect, with the contact of nomadism and the sedentary economy. To their nomadic pursuits they gave a precise organization; the classic rhythm of the great annual hunts or of the 'winterings' became the characteristic feature of their economy."

It was, of course, in these great annual buffalo hunts that the semi-nomadic life of the Métis found its most characteristic expression. For the hunt was their principal calling, it made them politically and militarily the strongest force in the West, and it bound them ineluctably to nomadism and to barbarism, which were doomed by the steady advance of the agricultural frontiers from the east.

So slow was that advance, so far had the fur trade outrun agriculture, that for fifty years the Métis were left to enjoy their unique existence poised between the Indian and the white. On the one hand, they settled in Red River in their river lot homes. There they had their rude log cabins, their few possessions, carts, horses, perhaps a few cattle. There they cultivated rudely their potato patches and tiny fields of grain. But the hunt, the trapline, the "free" fur trade, drew them seasonally away. Many, indeed, spent winter as well as summer on the plains or in the forest, hunting and living in isolation or with the Indians. Many never settled in Red River or around the posts of the Saskatchewan, or were only transients there. Even when they did not follow the hunt, their employment as boatmen by the Hudson's Bay Company, and, later, in the cart brigades of the Company and the free-traders, took them from the colony and immersed them anew in the wilderness and a semi-barbarous life.

So powerful a group, drawn so strongly to barbarism, at once dependent on and necessary to the fur trade, yet in many ways opposed to it, submitted reluctantly to the governance of the Hudson's Bay Company. Hence the story of the relations of the Company and the Métis is one of mingled submission and revolt. M. Giraud demonstrates how fundamental was the land question in the relations between the Métis and the Company, as it was to be between the Métis and Canada in 1869. The Métis, a descendant of the Indian, had little concept of exclusive property in land. He wanted to retain his hunting grounds, but knew of no way of doing so except the traditional Indian method of warfare on intruders. It was a complex the Company was unable to resolve, as was the Canadian government after it.

Equally vexatious for a time was the question of "free" trade and the "monopoly" of the Company. The "free traders" in Red River and the American traders across the line drew the Métis into their trade in furs. In Rupert's Land this involved a violation of the legal monopoly of the Company. The Métis, because of their intimate relations with the Indians, their practice of "wintering" and their mobility on the plains, could not be restrained from trading furs with the Indians and the traders. Attempts by the Company to use its political authority to enforce its legal monopoly were met by resistance which culminated in the Sayer trial. In the face of open revolt by the Métis the Company merely abandoned its legal monopoly in Red River and treated it thereafter as an area of competition like the Ottawa, Rainy River and Columbia valleys. M. Giraud, by means of rich documentation from the Hudson's Bay archives, puts the Sayer trial in proper perspective as the climax of a decade of bickering, reveals how extensive the "free" trade threat was—the traders reached as far as the Saskatchewan*—how much it was the work of traders within the colony, particularly Andrew McDermot and John Sinclair, and how singularly long-suffering and restrained the Company was. No reader of his pages will be able thereafter to regard the Company's "monopoly" as ever having been literally effective.

The free trade which followed 1849 had two effects, both disastrous for the Métis whose resistance to Company rule had brought about the victory of free trade. Commercial traffic with St. Paul grew rapidly during the 1850's and beat the track along which the first agricultural settlers reached Red River in the late fifties and the sixties. It weakened the Company, the only strong and authoritative defender of the old semi-nomadic order on which the life of the Métis nation depended. The Métis, as Giraud demonstrates, had weakened the Company only to find themselves face to face with the Canadian party which clamoured for annexation to Canada. Then, too late, their hostility to the Company relented.

To deal with this new enemy, they were poorly equipped. It is true that in the generation of stabilization which followed 1821, they had developed a "bourgeoisie," an educated and sedentary class in Red River of whom Cuthbert Grant was the first, and Louis Riel, *père*, a leading figure. In this small group they had leaders capable of making terms for them with the new order which would destroy the conditions of their life hitherto. From this group sprang the younger Riel, and under his leadership, singularly brilliant and astute, terms were made in the Manitoba Act which did seem likely to ensure the survival of the Métis as a coherent people. It was their tragedy that the instability and violence of Riel, reflecting the in-

*W. L. Hardisty writes of free traders in the Mackenzie River district in the 1860's.—Ed.

Seven Jerome brothers—Metis born near Fort Garry—photographed in Kittson County, Minnesota, in 1910. L. to R. Standing: Elie, David, Daniel. Sitting: Louis, Andre, Jerome, Joseph. Andre, a fine type of half-breed, wears the Assomption sash.

herent instability and ready violence of his own uncertain people, ruined his achievement and destroyed his nation.

The execution of Scott drew down on the Métis the vengeance of the Ontario settlers, before which Taché's promise of amnesty and the attempt at reconciliation made in the Manitoba Act were of no avail. The Manitoba Métis were submerged in the land rush, were exploited, maltreated, and pushed aside. Many held out and came to terms with the new order, but the less civilized, the more improvident and ignorant trekked westward to the plains in the wake of the ebbing buffalo herds. There they and the winterers tried to establish on the Saskatchewan the simple, semi-nomadic life of the Red and the Assiniboine before 1870. But the fundamental conditions were disappearing; M. Giraud traces in detail how the wandering bands hung like wolves on the flanks of the scattered and dwindling buffalo herds and, in what seems like suicidal fury, but which was really only a blind clinging to a way of life that was ending, slaughtered the last of the buffalo. That done, they turned to the defence of their river lots on the Saskatchewan in a last and futile stand in the Saskatchewan Rebellion.

At Batoche the Métis nation was broken, and thereafter, though there are individual Métis, and Métis communities, in the West from Pembina to the Athabaska, there was no more a coherent people or a unique community. Civilization had triumphed over barbarism, the sedentary over the nomadic way of life, and the Métis who were intermediaries between the two—the personification of the equipoise of the Stone Age and the Industrial Revolution which was the fur trade—were shattered, and survive to-day as submerged communities and marginal persons. Only in the northern bush does the Métis still find his traditional way of life possible, and only there is he able to follow the honourable callings of his fathers. In Red River, which once knew Cuthbert Grant and James Mackay, he is forgotten and disowned, though he was the defender of the Red River colony against the Sioux, though he gave Manitoba its emblem and its constitution.

Le Métis Canadien is, to a degree which this review does not pretend to indicate, a magnificent study of the Métis in the history of the Canadian West. To the student of that history it brings a vast store of new information arranged in a powerful and revealing synthesis. To the student of anthropology, it is an arresting study of human adaptation to a stark but stimulating environment. And, as its knowledge and insight inform more and more the literature of the West, it will become, at second hand, a source of deepening interest and inspiration. For the story of barbarism and civilization, of human adaptation and survival on the plains and in the parklands of the West is not finished; it has only entered upon a new chapter.

Volunteer workers pass sandbags along a dike as the river rises. (The artist has depicted the sandbags as they felt at the beginning, rather than the end, of the graveyard shift.)

Red River Rising . . .

by Frank Walker

Illustrated by Peter Kuch

A Winnipeg newspaperman writes of the three most critical days of the city's 1950 flood, before the Army took command.

BY seven o'clock in the morning of May 4th, the sky over Winnipeg was overcast and there was a threat of rain in the chill air. The temperature was 32 degrees and the cold waters of the Red River, in flood thirteen days, were lapping five feet deep at the east end of Lombard street in the city's heart. The sodden, grey clouds passing overhead were, that afternoon, to turn first into a drizzling rain and then to snow. That Thursday morning, which opened so inauspiciously, was to mark the real beginning of what Colin Herrle, National Director of the American Red Cross, describes as "the worst disaster of its kind in the history of North America."

It was not the start of the flood. That lay far back in a wet autumn and a winter of heavy snow, in a late spring and a sudden thaw. Weeks before the Red River was to reach official flood level in Winnipeg—18 feet above datum—cities and towns far to the south had been wracked and devastated by the brown water which soon was to cover more than a fifth of greater Winnipeg and send tens of thousands in flight from the city. All that had happened with a monotonous persistence, inch by inch and day by day, and mile by mile; first, the towns of Minnesota, in which state the river rises, then the Dakotas, through which it winds and twists, until finally, fattened by the outpourings of slough and creek, it crossed the international border at Emerson; all this while the water at Winnipeg lay icebound and the city wondered whether there would be a flood and whom to believe.

Even on April 21, when Emerson was preparing for a worse flood than that of 1948, and the river level in the city went over the 18-foot mark, there was no more than

a hint of what the future held. The great flood of 1950, though it was conceived in a union of circumstances over many months, was born in a week of rain and snow and wind. The clouds which gathered over the valley on May 4th were the forerunners of disaster. In the days which followed, the isolated battles against the river in defense of a home here and a home there were to become a gigantic struggle for the life of a city, spread over three weeks and riding the headlines of newspapers across the world.

But, on May 4th, though the fight against the flood had already begun on the low land along the river, life in the city was still normal. A dike gave way in the suburb of Elm Park; a few houses on Mayfair avenue were threatened; volunteers were numbered in parties of 60 and 70; the senior boys were diking a private school; the railways were fighting to keep open lines to the south; all this was taking place, but essentially the flow and ebb of the city had hardly felt the ripples of the disaster which lay ahead. Winnipeggers were still reading about the flood, wondering how the people of Morris and St. Jean and Emerson to the south were getting along, worrying about their basements and going about their business. More than half an inch of rain and 1.2 inches of snow fell that day.

In the glare of lights along Kingston Row, as tired men slipped in the heavy gumbo and cursed the wet snow falling through the leafless trees, there was still hope, that Thursday, that the river, biting at the thin sandbagged dike, could be contained. Houses here had already been surrendered but the retreat had been orderly and, in the language of war, made to previously prepared positions. These hopes were extinguished Friday in the first light of a dawn made darker by a thin drizzle and wisps of fog floating over the new breadth of the river. As the day passed, the drizzle turned to rain, low clouds raced overhead and in the hollows of the city the fog persisted. By noon the temperature was only 37 degrees and by evening, as it dropped again close to freezing, the wind rose until it blew a full gale, driving the rain in a glistening curtain across the darker waters of the river.

Downtown the steamheat failed and in three hundred office and factory buildings the chill began to penetrate. Basements were flooded, a radio station went off the air, on street after street pumps belched back onto roads thousands of gallons of evil-smelling water, the reek of which was to hang over the city like the smell of death in the ruined towns of Europe. As the water rose to 25 feet, announcement after announcement broke through the music of five radio stations to call for volunteers. "Supplies of canned milk are urgently needed." "Help is required at St. Boniface sanitarium." "Families are being evacuated from Ferry road, St. Vital." "Those with spare accommodation are asked to contact the Red Cross." "A dike has broken in St. Boniface." "Men are needed at once on Leighton avenue dike." The calls continued throughout the night. Like searchlights prodding through the darkness, the voices of announcers focussed first on this and then on that section of the battle.

Not all the news was defeat. Subway after subway, which had been flooded by the backing up of sewers earlier in the day, were reopened. More troops arrived. On wheelchairs, crutches, on stretchers and by foot, the refugees from the flood moved into the city.

A farm at St. Germain, south of Winnipeg, is inundated.

By nightfall the volunteers were gathering in thousands. The town was dressing the part. Rubber boots were the uniform of a new militia. That day 1.34 inches of rain and .2 inches of snow fell in the valley and, where the waters of the river had broadened into lakes, six-foot waves smashed at buildings, carried barns away from their foundations, churned at the insides of abandoned homes and drove the racing waters faster and harder toward the city.

By Saturday morning, though heavy rains still lashed at the border lands seventy miles to the south of Winnipeg, the worst of the storm was over. That evening, for the first time since 7 o'clock Thursday morning, there was a break in the clouds and the stars appeared in the deep blue of a spring sky. But the damage had been done. A vast lake hundreds of miles in extent was forming to the south, and Winnipeg, seen from the air, lay on a belt of land between a rust red sea where the waters of the river had overflowed and the white ice of Lake Winnipeg. That morning, after a night of tension heightened by the urgent voice of the radio and the unceasing roar of the wind, a night of wild confusion on the dikes, of men working knee deep in the sodden clay, of draglines tearing at the soil and bulldozers smashing and ripping their way through trees and bushes, of the evacuation of women and children, of sirens blowing the shrill order to abandon the fight in another suburb, that morning the city woke to feel the flood cutting at its lifelines. The level of the river, at 11 a.m., was 26.4 feet.

Overnight, district after district had been surrendered —Scotia street, Whittier Park, parts of Fort Garry, Point Douglas, the Municipal hospitals, Elm Park. A bridge was closed, a subway. Phones were dead. An army jeep was engulfed by the current. Sleepers awoke to find their homes surrounded by water. A bridge buckled to the south of the city. In the rough water of the lake, even army "ducks" were unable to move. Hotels were jammed with refugees. More troops arrived. Canoeing down a suburban street, one could see furniture floating in what had once been warm and pleasant rooms. By rowboat and motorboat, men were returning to their homes to salvage what they could from the flood. Those whose first floors were still above water were carrying furniture upstairs. At other houses men were smashing at ground-floor windows and pushing aside their floating possessions to enter, while outside chairs and tables and small buildings were bobbing around on the surface in a restless dance which was to continue for weeks.

A city engineer declared the flood "out of hand."

"It is no longer," he said, "a question of defense, but of relief."

That morning Premier Douglas Campbell of Manitoba proclaimed a state of emergency in the Red River valley and placed Brigadier R. E. A. Morton, G.O.C. Prairie Army Command, in charge of the fight against the flood.

"The heavy rains and winds which have prevailed throughout the Red River valley in the past 24 hours have transformed a serious flooding condition into an extremely critical one," said the Premier.

Lacking enough boats and canoes, some householders built rafts from planks and metal drums.

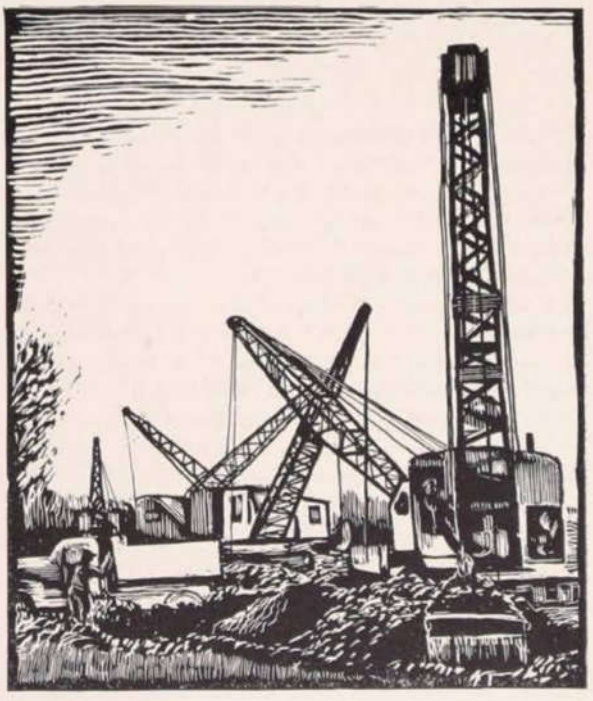
Houses in the new development of Wildwood were among the hardest hit, when a secondary dike gave way.

The day of the amateur had ended. From headquarters in the Legislative building the fight against the flood became an organized battle, instead of the guerilla warfare it had been before.

In the next few days—the sun shone that Sunday and lifted the spirits of the city—the corroding influence of the flood slowed and then ceased. Twelve days were to pass before the crest of the flood was reached and another twelve before Army plans to evacuate the entire city were abandoned. Three weeks of anxious waiting and watching lay ahead. More than 100,000 men, women and children in the city and valley were to leave their homes. A huge airlift was to be organized. Millions of sandbags were to pour into the city. The civic auditorium was to be turned into a vast relief centre by the Red Cross. Great ramps of stone and gravel thrown over vital streets to keep open the power stations. Bridges were to be won and lost. The river was to creep higher and higher. There was to be more rain. Men were to work day and night with untiring energy. The report of a women's organization was to show 27,000 hours of work during the three weeks of emergency. Pumps were to be flown in from all parts of the country. Thousands were to be inoculated. Schools were to close and the old and the sick to be moved hundreds of miles to safety. Potholes appeared in the streets and the dust and dirt were to blow in the wind, which came cold and damp to the city over the flood lands to the south. The battle became routine. Dikes were still to go and homes to be flooded. Food and fuel were to be stocked in strategic areas.

But the scenes of Saturday, May 6th, were never to repeat themselves. Suffering and loss were still to come. Old men and old women were to sit, stunned, in the face of disaster, but the fear which mounted to a climax in the storm of May 5th and the grey morning of May 6th was to be throttled in the organization and direction of the days which followed. The lonely isolation of the fight was to be swept away in the flood of help that came from all over the continent. The generosity of thousands was later to show how warm-hearted a nation can be when part of it is facing disaster.

Giant shovels were used to build up the great Lyndale dike, which held throughout the flood.



These woods and fields surrounding Lower Fort Garry (centre) might have been the site of Winnipeg. *R.C.A.F.*

The City that Never Was

With the aid of original letters in her possession, Mrs. MacLeod shows that, if Simpson's plans had been implemented, Winnipeg might have been built on drier ground.

by Margaret Arnett MacLeod

IN these days when there is so much talk of the advisability of building on Winnipeg's low lying areas, it is interesting to know that, if Governor George Simpson's original plans had been carried out after the flood of 1826, the city might have been built on drier land 18 or 20 miles farther downstream.

Winnipeg grew at the fork of the Red and Assiniboine rivers around Fort Garry, Hudson's Bay headquarters and seat of government in the Red River Settlement. But in the early 1830's there was more than a little uncertainty as to whether headquarters would remain at the Forks or be situated some miles down the Red River below the Rapids. It has been widely believed that Upper Fort Garry, around which the present city grew, was continuously the Company's chief business centre. But it appears that at one period the focal point of the future city was at Lower Fort Garry. That establishment was more than a country residence; it fulfilled for a time the purpose for which it was built: Company headquarters in the Lower Red River District.

The reasons for the shift from the Forks to the site at Lower Fort Garry and the subsequent re-shifting of importance back to Upper Fort Garry again do not all appear; but it is possible to trace some of the pattern. In that pattern the flood of 1826 and Governor George Simpson's marriage in 1830 are interwoven.

Simpson had wanted to go to the Old Country and find a wife for some years, and had been obliged to postpone that personal matter and travel extensively in Company territories in order to organize their business after the union with the Northwesters in 1821. He had spent the winter of 1823-24 in the Red River Settlement after the Company assumed its management on behalf of Lord Selkirk's heirs. The colony, an anomaly in a fur trade country, had long been a problem, and Simpson previously had blundered in dealing with its affairs. During the winter he spent there, however, he had reorganized its business on a better working basis. Two years later the settlement was almost wiped out by flood—the worst Red River flood in history. Only Fort Garry and a few other buildings remained. The settlers were left destitute, and the Company's fort was "a mass of shattered ruins."

The Governor, in the midst of other immediate problems and with his long journeys throughout the country not

yet finished, arrived from the east in June and surveyed the devastation. All that had been achieved was destroyed. Many settlers had left or were preparing to leave the colony, and the prospects of a harvest were slim indeed. It was evident he would have to leave headquarters in Montreal in other hands and spend some years in Red River.

This was in 1826, a notable year for George Simpson who six years previously was a clerk in his cousin's mercantile house in London. He had risen to be governor of the Northern Department, and he was acting as governor of the Southern Department, virtually the head of the Company's entire territories.

Far reaching plans had their birth as George Simpson appraised the desolation at Red River. No attempt was ever made to restore Fort Garry; it was allowed to go on into increasing dilapidation. Simpson was unable to spend any time in Red River. Fort Douglas, the colony fort, had been wiped out. The colony governor, R. P. Pelly, had retired, so Donald McKenzie, the Company's representative there, was appointed governor of the colony also, to cope with the desperate situation. In August a clerk at Fort Garry reported, "McKenzie's . . . new Dignity is no sinecure. His able hand was never more required than at present to bring matters again into order." Yet, only minor repairs, "at no material expense," McKenzie said,

Frances Simpson, the governor's cousin, whom he married and brought to Fort Garry in 1830. A hitherto unpublished water colour, a photo of which was obtained by the author from Mrs. Louis Burke.

were made to Fort Garry, the centre of business and the new seat of government.

Nevertheless the exertions of all who remained in the colony were so great that James Hargrave was able to write from the Fort a month before Christmas:

"This place has completely recovered from the mauling it got last spring—the settlers who remained have their houses all rebuilt, and the large bands of wretched Swiss, Meurons, and Canadians that left this in the summer for Canada and the States have improved instead of diminished the prospects of the place. The harvest produced little, and bread is this year unknown to us—there will however be seed for next year, and we have procured a sufficiency of plain provisions [buffalo meat] for passing the winter."

Simpson must have pondered long over the future course of the Red River Settlement and over his own future course. During his travels in ensuing months, the two interwoven as plans on a grand scale took form in his mind—plans coloured with domestic pictures, for with some years to be spent in Red River he could marry and have a home there during that time.

For three years McKenzie tried to carry out Simpson's ideas in re-establishing the colony, and then with the governor's marriage there came a veritable rush of new plans.

With his long journeys of reorganization finished, Simpson had the Council of 1828 vote £100 for repairs to Fort Garry. The money was spent mainly in fitting up a suitable house for the governor. He brought Pierre Le Blanc, York's best builder, to Red River to carry out the work at the Fort and in September 1828, he sailed for England.

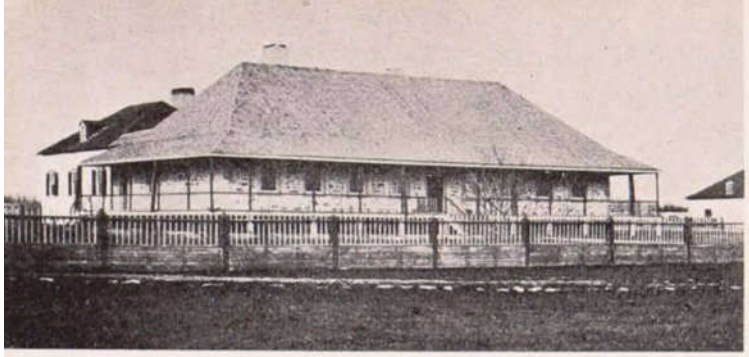
George Simpson was an ambitious man with a strong sense of the dramatic. He now had a position, as governor of half a continent, to dazzle any woman—even a woman of family. Early in 1830, in London, he married his eighteen-year-old cousin, Frances Ramsay Simpson. The clerk of 1820 had returned to marry his former chief's daughter. And there can be little doubt that Frances Simpson heard, when her cousin courted her, of the fine home in prospect, the mansion that would be built for their occupancy during their years in Red River.

The Governor brought his bride to Canada in the spring, proceeded to Red River where they spent only a few days, and went on to York for the meeting of Council. Simpson had not been in Red River, except in passing, since 1826; yet immediately on his arrival at York in July 1830 he laid before the members of Council perfected plans to abandon Fort Garry, and build a new headquarters below the rapids.

Not until a year later, after the council meeting of 1831, did he apprise the Governor and Committee of his plans:

"The Establishment of Fort Garry is in a very dilapidated state, so much so as to be scarcely habitable, and lies so low that we are every successive spring apprehensive that it will be carried away by high water at the breaking up of the ice. It is moreover very disadvantageously situated, being about 45 miles from the lake and 18 miles above the Rapids. I therefore determined last Fall on abandoning that Establishment altogether and . . . to set about erecting a good solid comfortable Establishment at once of Stone and Lime in such a situation as to be entirely out of the reach of high water . . . I had the satisfaction of seeing the Walls of the principal building nearly up before my departure [for York in June] and hope to see New Fort Garry . . . occupied next spring.

". . . I had not an opportunity of consulting your Honours before entering upon this work, but trust it will meet your approbation."



The first building to be erected at Lower Fort Garry, into which Governor Simpson and his wife moved in the fall of 1832, after the death of their firstborn. The building is still in use. Photo by H. S. Hime, 1858. *P.A.C.*

The projects the Council ratified at York in 1830 envisioned a rosy future for Red River and the whole country by increasing production and by raising exports above imports. Two decked vessels were to be built to ply between Norway House and the new establishment; the winter road scheme from Norway House to York would be pushed through; new industries would be developed at Red River and the country would have its outlets along a whole new transportation system.

Simpson knew that the Company's removal from the Forks would not be popular there and he used the transportation argument to "sell" the new location, stressing the disadvantages of the Upper Fort on account of the intervening rapids. His enthusiasm must have infected the officers, for immediately afterwards glowing letters flew from post to post retailing the wonders to come.

The Governor left York to initiate the new schemes and the building of the new fort down the river. Le Blanc was put in charge and work on the imposing and comfortable Lower Fort Garry was begun. While the long labour proceeded the Simpsons took up their residence at Fort Garry proper in a house that was a novelty in Red River. It had a painted exterior. Outside the renovation of this house, the fort property was little improved since the flood, and the stores remained in their ruined state.

Outwardly all was happy. The bride brought her piano —the first in Red River. The governor himself took charge of the housekeeping and gave an elaborate party to introduce his wife to the local gentry. There was an elegant new cariole emblazoned with the Company arms for winter rides, and the governor and his lady drove out tandem "at a terrible rate" along the frozen river.

Their happiness, however, was qualified. The environment at the Forks was crude. The Métis at best were tempestuous, and grumbling discontented colonists constantly besieged the governor now he was among them. A clerk wrote, "Not a wife can sell her butter or a farmer his grain without an audience with the Governor, petitioning higher prices . . . pleading poverty . . . to all of which his door is open."

Among the women, the wife of Rev. D. T. Jones the Anglican clergyman was the only one whose background could possibly have approximated that of Frances Simpson. But the governor described her as "a good unmeaning woman whom we merely see for half an hour occasionally."

There was little congenial society and the Simpsons did their duty socially often under difficulties. After her return to England Frances Simpson retailed the story about the time they invited Rev. Wm. Cockran of the Middle Church along the river to dinner. She said, "The day was fearful with wind and snow and he had many miles to travel so not expecting him we did not wait. At 8 o'clock he made his appearance and we made no attempt to conceal our amazement." The gentleman informed them that his horse could not make the journey in such a storm, but having promised to do so, he had come on his cow! He demanded a cup of tea, refused a pressing invitation to stay for the night, and then said that having kept his promise "he would now return home on his devoted cow's back."

The Simpson's social relations in the colony were also made awkward at the outset by pre-marital affairs. Simpson had made arrangements with his servant Amable Hogue before he left for England the previous year that once he was away, Hogue would inform Margaret Taylor, Simpson's "country wife," of the situation, and marry her. But Margaret disbelieved Hogue, she accused him of taking advantage of his master's absence, and spurned him. It was only after the governor arrived with his English wife that she consented to marry Hogue. She was at Fort Alexander with Nancy McKenzie, niece of Governor Donald McKenzie, and "country wife" of J. G. McTavish who had married in Britain at the same time as the Simpsons and returned to Canada with them. Simpson arranged for Nancy to marry Pierre Le Blanc, and these things led to a coolness between Simpson and Donald McKenzie and to some feeling in Red River.

If anything of this aspect of life in the country reached Frances Simpson's ears, she did not say so. Her only remark when she returned to England was that in Red River she was "always terrified to look about her in case of seeing something disagreeable."

In 1831 there was grave anxiety over Mrs. Simpson's health; she was in a seriously anaemic condition when her son was born on September 2, and she continued frail thereafter. The child too, "the image of his father, red hair, blue eyes and all," had suffered from his mother's under-nourished condition on Dr. Todd's prescribed diet of bread and milk for so many months. He began to fade away some months before his unexpected death on April 22, 1832, while his father and Dr. Todd sat with him. His mother returned home from service at the Middle Church, to which she had gone for Easter communion, just as he drew his last breath. The blow struck heavily. George Simpson's affections were entirely centred in his wife throughout their married life. Even Duncan Finlayson—who with his wife Isabel (Frances Simpson's sister) was later part of the Simpson household for years and disliked the governor thoroughly—and Cousin Thomas Simpson who liked him less, recognized this fact. But the health and spirits of both the Governor and his wife declined steadily.

They moved to the Lower Fort in the fall of 1832. Offices, books and the impediments of business were

transferred there, and the new fort became the headquarters of the district. Donald McKenzie left the country in December, his family going later. At the Forks, at old Fort Garry, only a clerk, Joseph Charles, and a man to help in the shop remained.

But even the realization of the new home so long planned seemed to mean little to George Simpson. All his dreams of personal happiness and public progress were failing—even the winter road. Thomas Simpson spoke of his cousin Frances as "a frail flower" that he would like to see "transplanted again to her native soil." Near the end of the year the Governor wrote to his friend J. G. McTavish of his great anxiety over his wife's "very delicate health," adding: "and I myself am become so melancholy and low spirited that I scarcely know what enjoyment is . . . I feel that my health and strength are falling off rapidly. I am most anxious to get away from this country of which I am sick and tired."

The Simpsons went to England in the summer of 1833, and even though Hudson's Bay House at Lachine was bought that year as their residence, for the next twelve years they made their home in London.

The Company headquarters at Red River, however, remained at the Lower Fort for a few years more. In March 1834 Thomas Simpson wrote from there: "This place is a large stone establishment that has cost us a good few thousands, [Thomas knew: he kept the books] and it is yet unfinished. We are making preparations to build a large granary and provision store this summer, unless the work be stopped. The Big-wigs at home are rather cool on the subject, and I do not wonder at it."

The work *was* stopped. The idea of making the Lower Fort the centre of the colony was for some unknown reason abandoned, and plans made to build another stone fort at the Forks.

The governor returned to Red River and the Forks for the winter of 1834-5, and for the second time in three years set about building a new headquarters for the Red River Settlement. His cousin Thomas Simpson wrote after they had moved from the Lower Fort to the Forks: "Business here is tagged together in the most strange and unsatisfactory manner. For instance the new [lower] fort recently erected is already nearly abandoned and another new fort (certainly much needed) is to be built at the Forks, which is now the headquarters."

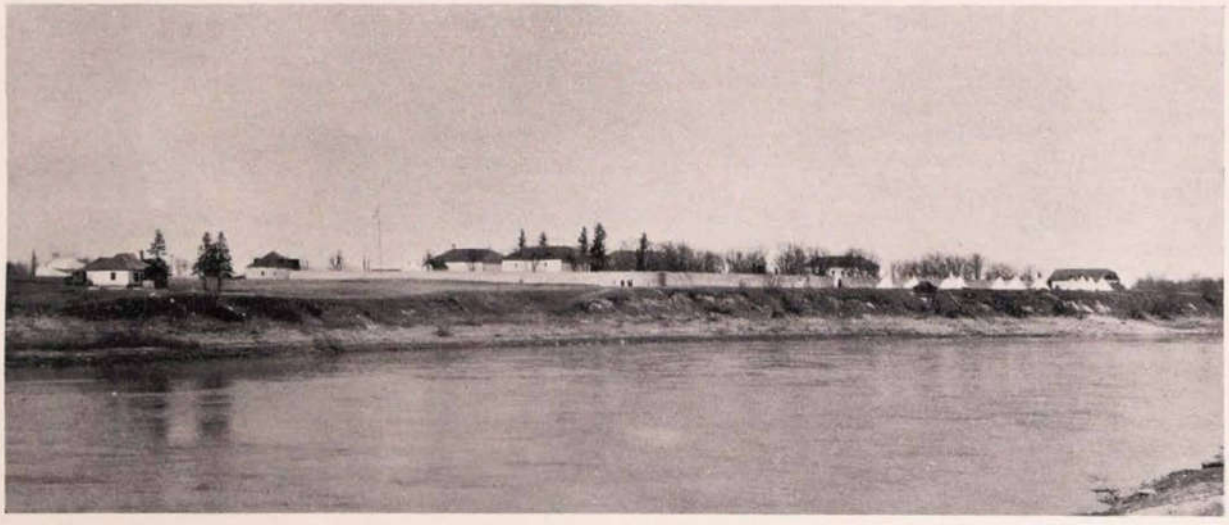
Work on this new fort—later known as Upper Fort Garry—was in progress in 1835. It was occupied at first only in the summer months, three men being left there in the winter; but by 1837 it was sufficiently advanced to become the new centre of trade, and Chief Factor Christie moved there with his staff from the Lower Fort.

Lower Fort Garry, therefore, had been headquarters of the district for five years; and it was still to play an important role. As Simpson wrote to Christie in February 1838: "The lower Fort will I consider in due time become the Principal Engagement for Farming warehousing Holding Courts and Councils &c and it will be therefore be necessary to make it a place of some strength and of greater extent than the upper establishment."

No reason has yet to come to light for the final decision to fix the headquarters at the Forks. The minutes of the period contain no reference to it, beyond the allocation of staff to each establishment, so presumably the matter was decided verbally, or by correspondence that has not survived.

All the arguments that Simpson put forward so strongly, in favour of abandoning the Forks and building on high ground below the rapids, went by the board. It was a complete reversal of opinion. And the decision made then, fixed the site of the future city of Winnipeg.

The lower Fort at the time of the Company's 250th anniversary in 1920. Though taken in flood time, it will be seen that the river is about 35 feet below the level of the bank. Modern engineers estimate that in the record flood of 1826, the Lower Fort site was still about six feet above the highest mark reached by the river at that point.



Lt.-Commander Richard Byrd, of polar fame, commanded the group of three U.S. Navy Loenings, one of which is shown being assembled on the cramped beach at Etah, Greenland. Comm. Byrd holds an automatic sun compass which was used for the first time on these flights. *Natl. Geog. Socy.*

First Flights in Canada's Arctic

by Frank H. Ellis

25 years ago, the first flight into the Canadian Arctic was carried out by some U.S. airmen who have since become famous.

WHEN the United States MacMillan Expedition sailed into Arctic waters during the summer of 1925, under the sponsorship of the National Geographic Society, the United States government sent along eight officers and men drawn from their Naval Aviation Branch, together with three single engined, Loening amphibian aircraft, bearing markings, NA-1, NA-2, and NA-3 respectively.

After a more or less uneventful voyage, the two ships of the expedition, the S.S. *Peary*, and the S.S. *Bowdoin*, reached Etah, far up the west coast of Greenland, where plans called for them to remain at anchor during the period they were to spend in northern waters.

Upon arrival at Etah, the dismantled planes were put overside from the deck of the *Peary*, on which vessel they had been carried north. The aircraft were then towed ashore, where each in turn was fully rigged on a tiny shingle beach, before being run down a rough board ramp, back into the sea.

It had been hoped that the three airplanes would be able to make many reconnaissance flights, but the flying season that summer in the high latitude where they were situated, was extremely short for such purposes. After the work was brought to a close, the log books of the craft showed that there were only fifteen days during which distance flying was feasible during the entire time the expedition was stationed at Etah.

The Naval Air unit group was under the able leadership of Lieutenant-Commander Richard Byrd, who has since became famous the world over for his numerous exploration flights, particularly in connection with Arctic and Antarctic areas.

Original plans, once the aircraft reached Etah, were for them to make numerous extended flights, both over Greenland and the Canadian territory of Ellesmere Island, the latter a little known land, west from Etah across the waters of Smith Sound.

Although the weather greatly interfered with arrangements, several noteworthy flights were accomplished. It was during one such trip on August 8, 1925, that the three Loenings first flew across Smith Sound to reach the air above Canada, then to follow along a portion of the east coast of Ellesmere. They passed over Cape Sabine, going by almost the exact spot where 19 of the 25 men of the ill-fated Greely Expedition had died from privation and hunger during the winter of 1883-84.

The flight of the three machines that August day in 1925 should not be allowed to pass unrecorded in our flying annals. They made history, for they were the first airplanes ever to cleave the wide sky of Canada's Arctic empire.

It is true they were ship-based, and had not flown up under their own power from southern climes, but to that United States Naval Air Unit goes the honour of having been the first to fly in Canada's high north.

No landings away from base were made on the 8th. On the 11th, another extended flight was made by all three Loenings, covering a circular journey of some 200 air miles. Again they passed over a portion of Ellesmere, this time in the vicinity of Bay Fiord, but no landings were made en route.

Then on August 12 more Canadian flying history was made when two of the amphibians flew from Etah to Ellesmere, there to make landings on the sea in Hayes Fiord, where they stayed but a short time before taking off and returning to Etah. It was the first occasion any aircraft had landed at a point in the Canadian Arctic.

The NA-2 which started on the same trip was obliged, because of engine trouble, to return to Etah before landings were effected at Ellesmere.

The crews of the two Loenings which made the first landings in Canadian Arctic regions were as follows: In the NA-1 were pilots Byrd and Bennett—the latter the same Floyd Bennett who later flew to fame on many splendid air missions, notably the flight over the North Pole with Commander Byrd, on May 9, 1926. In the NA-3 were crewmen pilot Reber, and engineer McDonald.

August 13 saw another flight by the NA-1 and NA-3, when they were flown across Smith Sound to land on Flagler Fjord on Ellesmere. A small gasoline cache was established there, but as the machines never returned to that spot again, it is reasonable to believe that the cache is still there.

On the 15th the same two aircraft paid their last visit to Canada, landing on the sea in Sawyer Bay, which is situated on the northern side of Bache Peninsula on Ellesmere.

Numerous flights were of course also made over Greenland areas, apart from the trips across Smith Sound, but the season was so desperately brief, the airmen were able to complete only a small part of their planned objectives.

Excepting Etah, and Cape Sabine, few of the geographical names mentioned will be found on maps contained in ordinary atlases. Only on specially prepared maps and charts can such points be located by anyone who wants to know the exact spots where the American airmen touched down on Canadian Arctic waters in 1925.

Brief as their flying was, it established a precedent for aerial navigation in such high northern latitudes.

To those men of the United States Naval Air Unit we may therefore pay due honour, for they were the first human beings to glimpse the immense wastes of our Arctic regions from the air.

First air photograph taken of the Canadian Arctic, August 8, 1925. The land is Ellesmere Island. Inset: Lt. Floyd Bennett, co-pilot with Byrd of the NA-1. *U.S. Navy and Natl. Geog. Socy.*

"Magnificent views out over the Peace River, over the silt-islands crowded with spruce, and beyond to the snow-capped Rockies."

Hudson's Hope

by Lyn Harrington
Photos by Richard Harrington

THE road in to Hudson's Hope is one of the friendliest and loveliest in the north country. Seven miles outside Fort St. John, it leaves the Alaska Highway to twist and climb fifty-three miles to" The Hope." Narrow, curving, and unblessed with gravel, it has many a switchback and "fiddler's elbow" too slippery to negotiate in wet weather. The drive is a picturesque variation of river valley with cleared farmlands, wormwood and tumbleweed on baked clay slopes, and moist forests of cottonwoods standing in ravines below dry parks of jackpine. It presents a series of magnificent views out over the Peace River and its lateral ravines, over the silt-islands crowded with spruce, and beyond, to the snow-capped Rockies.

We motored in comfort where the explorers had struggled upstream against the powerful current of the Peace. Alexander Mackenzie on his way to the Pacific Coast in 1793 was the first white man to penetrate the Rocky Mountain Range by the Peace River. Other explorers—Finlay, Fraser, Thompson—followed in his wake. They later found other passes to the south more practicable for the country's development. But the Peace remains the one river which flows right through "the backbone of the continent."

Their highway was the river. First by land was William Francis Butler, journeying through the "Wild North Land" in 1872. He made his way along the north bank, and many a tourist has followed him. As settlement

developed along the fertile benchlands of the river, the Indian trail he had followed became a pack-horse trail, then a wagon-road, and today, a road adequate for motors.

One particularly memorable view we saw displayed range after range of blue hills backed by snowpeaks. The foreground was a veritable palette of colours—salmon of Indian paintbrush, fireweed and purple vetch, wild roses, dark blue of mountain larkspur, and the paler blue of harebells. Wild asters, golden rod and arnica supplied the yellows. White came in meadowsweet, bedstraw and yarrow.

Our ears popped as we descended the steep grades to Bear River Flat with its cultivated fields of registered alfalfa seed, and with purple bergamot rioting beside the road. The vegetation changed constantly as the road rose and fell. Clumps of purple asters garnished the roadside here, sweet-smelling clover there, and aromatic sage beyond. Tiny chipmunks high-tailed it across the road, intent and earnest. Mule deer paused a moment, then sailed gracefully over a barbed-wire fence, and disappeared into the trees. Hereford cattle moved lazily off the road to permit us to pass.

Then miles ahead and below, we saw the village of Hudson's Hope. There were the red-and-white buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company, the brown log hotel, dozens of rooftops sheltering about 150 souls, and finally, nestling in a poplar grove, the tiny Anglican log Church of the Assumption.

The Hudson's Bay Company buildings are strictly modern, having been built in 1942. A log garage is the sole survivor of the older buildings constructed on the north bank about 1882. No one could tell us just when they had been set up on the south bank. When Alexander Mackenzie made his epic journey of 1793, only the framework of Indian teepees stood there.

In 1806, a trading post was erected here, at the foot of the Peace River Canyon, on the low south bank of the river. It was established by Simon Fraser and John Stuart of the North West Company, not only for its own trade, but as a supply base for posts which Fraser built beyond the Rockies. The third post in what is now British Columbia,* the place was named Rocky Mountain Portage House, because here the ten-mile portage led overland to the head of the tumultuous Peace River Canyon.

When or why the name was changed to Hudson's Hope none could say. Butler refers to it at times as "The Hope of Hudson," but gives no explanation of the name. Local residents had a far-fetched theory that Mackenzie had named it thus in reference to Henry Hudson's hope of reaching the western sea by water. A more plausible explanation came from an old riverman: "Most likely that was the name of some hopeful miner panning the gravel bars of the Peace for gold."

Hudson's Hope, once designed as a trading post exclusively for the Sikanni Indians, has no Indian residents nowadays; most of its fur comes from white trappers whose traplines run far back to the headwaters of the Peace. But high on a plateau above the village are the

The picturesque little Church of the Assumption.

remnants of Indian graves, with decaying picket fences, crosses, and weatherbeaten small gravehouses of wood and canvas.

The village exists as a centre for a farming community, for three small coal mines, for a small lumbering industry and as outfitting centre for hunting parties. One enterprising individual has made use of the limestone cliffs on which Hudson's Hope stands. In his arched kiln stacked with wood, Jack Pollon burns limestone to produce lime. Contractors in Dawson Creek and Fort St. John use all he can supply. Some of it, mixed with flour and water, is applied to his own attractive white-and-blue log house halfway down the slope. He has something unique in the village in the way of running water in his home. A part of the cold clear stream is diverted beneath his kitchen, and he merely dips under a trap door for all the fresh water he needs.

* The first two were Rocky Mountain House (1797), later moved to Fort St. John, and McLeod's Lake (1805).

The Harringtons' car stops at the Hudson's Bay post, Hudson's Hope.

Running water is laid on underneath Jack Pollon's cottage.

The boat landing below his home was long used by steamers on the Peace, for Hudson's Hope, because of the rapids above, was the head of navigation. Settlers and supplies were freighted in from Lake Athabasca at first, then later from Peace River Crossing, when the railway reached that point. Steamers such as the H B C's stern-wheeler *D. A. Thomas* plied between there and Hudson's Hope. In 1931, when the railway was continued to Dawson Creek, a wagon road was pushed through to the Peace, and the freight went on by long, narrow river boat.

One of these boats is maintained by the provincial government as a local ferry between Hudson's Hope and the south bank. It is preferable to a method in use until several years ago, when a "ferry basket" strung on cables served to carry passengers across the cold grey current to the Moberly Lake trail, and to the former site of the Hudson's Bay Company post.

The clearing showed excavations for cellars, foundations and chimney stones. But all was overgrown with grasses and horsemint. Youngsters from The Hope who crossed in the long ferry boat with us scrambled to pick wild strawberries deep in the grass. We strolled up the gravel bars of picturesque Maurice Creek with a couple of fishermen, and, like apprentice clerks of a bygone day, tried our luck here and there. In the shady pools beneath overhanging trees, or at the foot of several small falls, rainbow trout and grayling rose to the fly.

On our return to the sandbar at the mouth of the creek, we found a band of horses milling on the sandy shore, herded by Beaver Indians from Moberly Lake. They had come over the little-used trail to meet a big-game hunting party at Hudson's Hope. The ferry could take passengers, saddles, curved panniers, blankets, tents and other gear. The horses had to swim, following the lead of one horse tethered to the boat.

With circling rope, shouts, and the occasional use of sticks, the horses were persuaded into the chilly water, much against their will. Though swept downstream several hundred yards, all made the crossing safely. One had been submerged so long under the hooves of the others, that it seemed doubtful he would make the other shore. Another got there, stood weary and drooping—then went back for a drink.

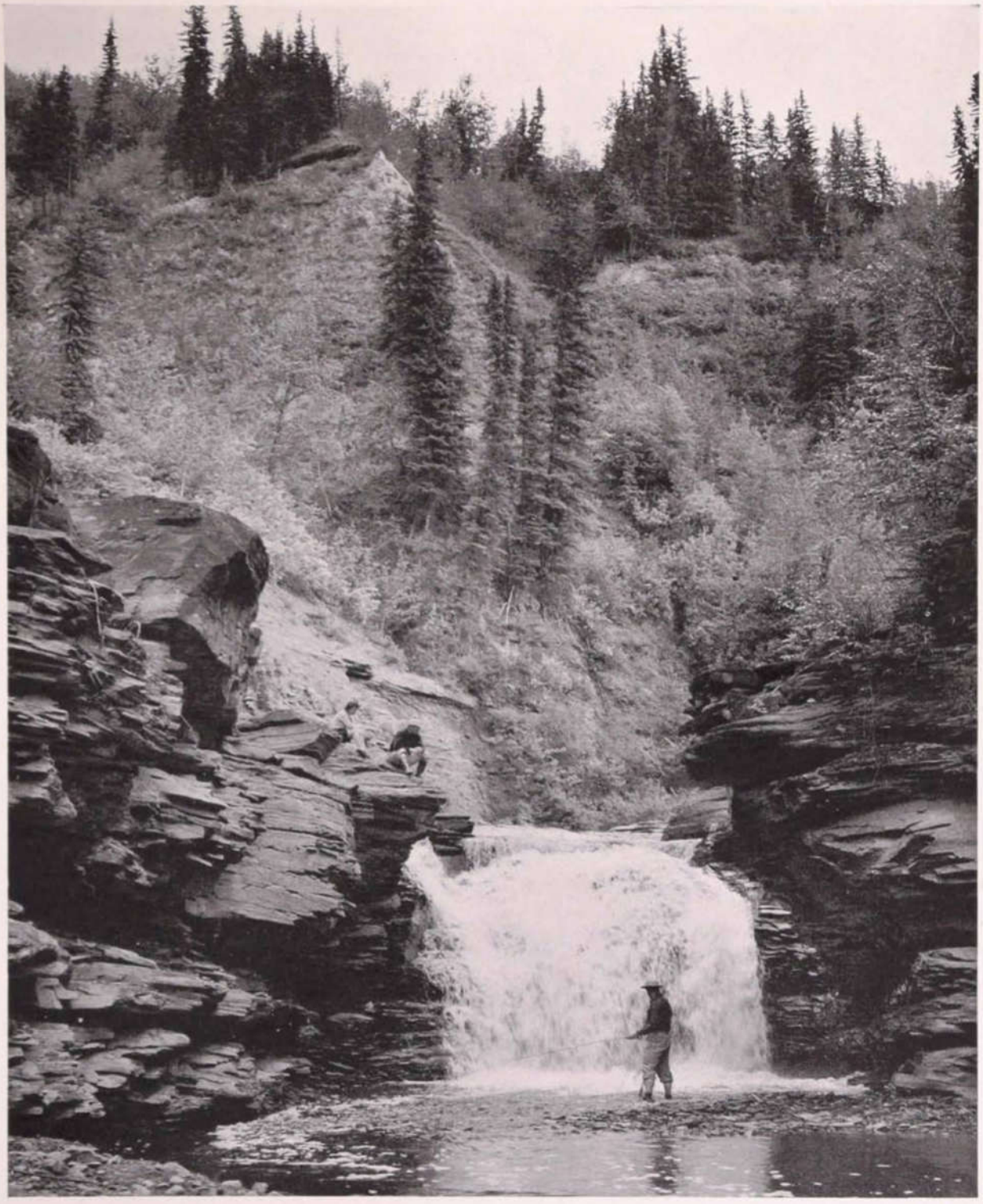
Outfitting and guiding big-game hunters is an important sideline around Hudson's Hope. It requires a very considerable investment in equipment and horseflesh, and a thorough knowledge of the country and its resources. Many a young farmer or trapper in his off-season thus supplements his income, either conducting the trips himself, or guiding. On our return to the post, we found Leo Rutledge buying provisions for the hunting party he would guide in a few weeks.

Certainly the most spectacular "dude" Hudson's Hope ever saw was Charles Bedaux of New York and Paris. His hunting trip in 1932 furnished him with a remarkable collection of trophies, a thoroughly fine time—and a brand new project. Fort St. John residents declared the Peace River Block needed an outlet to the Pacific Coast. Bedaux, using specially designed Citroen cars, had been the first to cross the Sahara Desert by motor, and now he determined to cross British Columbia to the Alaska Panhandle.

Two years later he was ready. A party of forty-seven, complete with packhorses, cameras, geological instruments, cases of champagne, folding bathtubs and unwieldy Arab tents, set out with the six Citroen-made vehicles. They toiled from Dawson Creek, end of steel, to the Halfway River, where the cars could go no further. The party went on by horseback. Well up in the mountains, the packhorses developed foot-rot, and the expedition was abandoned. Defeated, but far from dispirited, the Bedaux party boated and rafted down the Peace River to Rocky Mountain Portage, and crossed to Hudson's Hope.

The village has one tangible souvenir of Bedaux' visit. On the expedition, he took a dislike to a picture frame in

Supplies and horses for big-game hunting parties. Many are outfitted at Hudson's Hope.



Fishing in Maurice Creek. The author is on the left.

the attractive log hotel. A woodland scene, even though merely a calendar lithograph, should be framed in birch-bark, he declared. The entire party was held up half a day, while he re-framed the print to his satisfaction. By such incidents, he gave the impression of being a wealthy playboy, who threw money around like the breeze. His adventures into the mountains accomplished little beyond a few survey records; but he left nearly half a million dollars in equipment and wages in that area during a time of depression.

Neither Bedaux nor anyone else could navigate the rapids of Peace River Canyon. Hudson's Hope was head of navigation for steamers because of the twenty-mile Peace River Canyon with its swift tumultuous rapids, which fall 270 feet as they cut through the Rocky Mountain Range. Even in the days of the big canoes, the canyon formed an impassable barrier, and a portage trail led from Hudson's Hope to the head of the canyon.

"No boat, canoe or craft of any kind has ever run the gauntlet of this huge chasm," Butler wrote in 1872; and it is still true. "For five and thirty miles, it lies sunken through the mountains, while from its depths there ever rises the hoarse roar of the angry waters as they dash furiously against their rocky prison. A trail of ten miles leads across this portage, and at the western end of the trail, it makes its first plunge into the rock-hewn chasm."

Butler's figures might be a little out, but his description is still apt. We drove the four miles west of Hudson's Hope to the lower end of the canyon, the Glen. Several islands in midstream had been carved by water and ice into "flowerpots"—rock islands standing on narrow bases. Hundreds of purple martins flew ceaselessly about the crannied limestone. We climbed one of the islands across a dry channel, and sat listening to the roar of the rapids. There was a sudden movement below us, and we looked down to see a young black bear ambling through the woods, overturning rotten logs, and scooping up frantic ants. We shouted, but he couldn't hear us over the noise of the water.

Beyond was the rocky spit where Mackenzie's voyageurs hauled out their 25-foot birch-bark canoe, and repaired it yet once more. Mackenzie, ignoring the portage trail, had attempted to force a way up through the canyon, but even this intrepid explorer had to call quits when he discovered that "the river as far as we could see, was one white sheet of foaming water."

A narrow, twisting trail climbed the bank along the river, and this we followed for several miles to reach Box Canyon. Here the river funnelled roaring between rock walls not more than fifty feet wide. Chunks of rock fell from time to time, just as in Mackenzie's day. Above this stretch, which the boatmen navigated with their hearts in their mouths, Mackenzie had the men haul the provisions and canoe up the face of the cliff, and cut a road through to the portage trail. Yet even in that perilous position, he observed "along the face of some of these precipices, there appeared a stratum of bituminous substance which resembled coal."

It was coal. Three coal mines supply fuel for the village, for Fort St. John, and for camps along the Alaska Highway, and the estimated tonnage reaches fabulous figures. That owned by King Gething is a few miles beyond where Mackenzie hauled out his canoe. The seam there is eight feet thick. It is semi-anthracite, as good as any in the world according to scientists, and leaves only a three percent ash. A hundred years ago, it is said, voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company taking the old brigade trails southward to New Caledonia, carried this blacksmith coal in small barrels. At the Peace River Coal Mine, a few miles upriver, we picked our way through a worked-out seam, and emerged on thin air. The steep bank dropped straight down three hundred feet to the churning river. Towering cliffs frowned eight hundred feet high from across the stream.

In the hardened shale of the river shore near the Gething mine are deep footprints which may be seen at low water. Six inches deep, and three and a half feet long at the middle toe, they are the tracks of dinosaurs which once roamed these parts. Several tracks are still to be seen there; others have been removed to the National Museum in Ottawa.

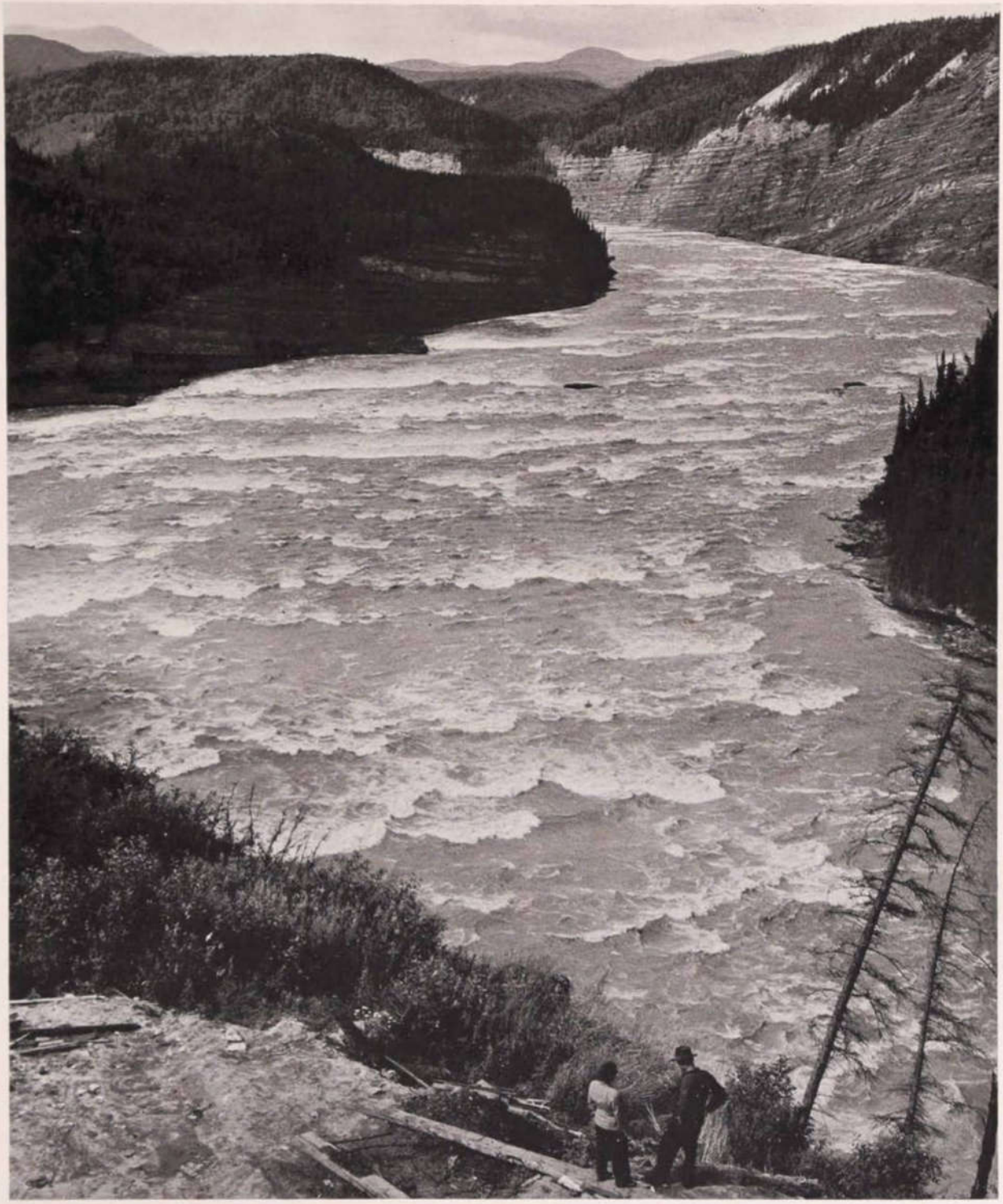
The portage trail "of the Canyon of the Mountain of Rocks," once trod by moccasined feet, is today a truck road. It winds steeply up out of Hudson's Hope, past the old graveyard and the new cemetery. Its blue vistas out over the western ranges are abruptly cut off as the road flattens out back of Bullhead Mountain. We followed it when a few days of rain had made the clay extremely slippery, but it was a beautiful continuation of the Hudson's Hope road.

Two miles beyond the road leading to the second coal mine, is a little side road, scarcely noticeable. It is the two-rut trail to the head of the canyon, and Cust's Landing, according to old maps. The narrow over-grown road twists back parallel with the river, and we had to walk the last half-mile. Where Cust's House once stood, the river makes a sweeping right-angle before it funnels down through perpendicular rocks.

At the canyon entrance, the Peace is only thirty-five feet wide at low water. The waves rush through in complete tumult, foaming and boiling and dashing against the imprisoning rock. It is spectacular and awesome to see that volume of water pour in zigzag procession down the chasm chiselled out by water and weather. Big kettles or potholes on shore witness the thousands of years the Peace has risen in flood and swirled around that corner. We were as amazed as Mackenzie had been over these "natural cylinders."

The great riverbend above the canyon would almost seem to have been a lake at one time, for the Indians told Mackenzie he "should meet with a fall equal to Niagara." The belief was that a rock fall once gorged the mouth of the canyon, creating both lake and spillway.

"It's just the place to drop a dam," said our guide from the mine. "That's a quarter-million horsepower you see going to waste there."



Part of the famous Peace River canyon, which no craft has ever navigated. The river lies three hundred feet below the spot where Mrs. Harrington and the guide are standing.

Undoubtedly this canyon will be harnessed for hydro-electric energy at some future date, to serve local industries and those far away. The dam will drown out the picturesque rapids and riffles on the river above, the rapids "*Qui ne parle pas,*" the Finlay Rapids, and the Black Rocks.

Immediately above the canyon, the Peace is lakelike, placid by comparison, and wide. What lies upriver? Unlike Mackenzie, we could consult maps. Like him we wanted to see for ourselves. Back on the road then, we followed the bank of the Peace River, fording small creeks, skirting benchlands where cattle had cut their parallel paths on steep slopes, past Rainbow Rocks, and finally at the end of the road, Gold Bar, ninety-two miles from the Alaska Highway.

At Twelve-Mile Creek, we waded across to find the depth of the water, then drove through with doubt in our minds. We caught sight of a handsome buck mule deer, with antlers in the velvet. And on the baked hillside, a cinnamon bear lurched off over the skyline. Nearer, a black bear rammed ripe purple saskatoons into his maw.

The Beattie Ranch at Gold Bar, with its beauty and hospitality, seemed then, and seems still, the sort of thing to be found at the end of a rainbow. It was a place of enchantment, with its horses, its children, its wonderful vegetable garden, its meals, the crystal creek flowing through the yard, its solemn goslings . . . there is a golden aura about it in retrospect. Best of all, it was quite real, the perfect end to that road which is one of the loveliest in the north country.

Homestead near Twelve Mile Creek on the road to Gold Bar.

Steamboats on the Red

The *Selkirk* (1871) at Moorhead, Minnesota, in 1874. *Courtesy Wm. Douglas*

by Molly McFadden

The first half of this article dealt with the first two steamers on the Red River—the *Anson Northup* of 1859 and the *International* of 1862.

IN the spring of 1871 Captain Alex. Griggs and James J. Hill, the famed railroad builder, finished building the steamboat *Selkirk* at Fort Abercrombie and launched her with Griggs in command. Her tonnage was 108 and with her flat bottom she was able to move in 18 inches of water travelling light, although she drew four or five feet when loaded. She arrived in Winnipeg in May, 1871, with Hill and George L. Foster as passengers. There was also lumber on board for J. H. Ashdown's new store.

Arrangements were made for the *Selkirk* to carry goods in bond, and this marked the dawn of a period of brisk steamboat trade as well as flatboat trade on the Red River of the North. (The flatboats transported goods to towns downstream and were sold for lumber at their final destination.)

In the winter of 1871-2 all boats on the river passed into the control of Norman W. Kittson, a St. Paul man who was Canadian-born and whose great-grandfather had fought under General Wolfe at the seige of Quebec. In the spring he organized and managed the Red River Transportation Company, joining forces with the Hill, Griggs Company of St. Paul and built the *Dakota* at Breckenridge. Next, they built the sidewheeler, *Cheyenne*, at Grand Forks in the winter of 1873-4, and then bought the *Alpha*, built at Breckenridge in 1873 by J. W. McLane.

Traffic on the Red was considerable, both in freight and passengers. The Hudson's Bay Company had a large warehouse at Moorhead, Minn., and according to the *Red River Gazette* of Glyndon for February 13th, 1873, about 350 tons of miscellaneous freight were stored there awaiting the break-up. The *Canadian Illustrated News* of November 27th, 1874, reported that 1100 Mennonites had come to Manitoba up to then, and hundreds more were ready to come the following spring. Next August the *Manitoba Free Press* noted that in two weeks 880 Mennonites had arrived on the *International* and the *Cheyenne*.

In 1874 an opposition line of steamers known as the Merchants International Steamboat Line was organized by Manitoba and St. Paul citizens in order to force freight rates down by competition. The first two boats operated by this line were the *Manitoba* and *Minnesota*, built at Fargo in 1875 with a tonnage of 197.75 each. This new company passed into Kittson's control in 1876, and once

again the Red River Transportation Company held sway, backed by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Red River, owing to its sharp bends and shallow waters, was by no means an easy river to navigate. Goose Rapids near Crookston were particularly difficult. J. J. Hargrave in his *Red River* writes of his trip in July 1861: "The *Pioneer* [formerly *Anson Northup*] would partially ground, while the greater part of her keel would be floating in water flowing like the sluice of a mill. On such occasions she would whirl cork-like around, setting at defiance the utmost efforts of the rude sternwheel to regulate her motions. At last the rapids, which extend over a length of about two miles, were passed, and we steamed ahead to good purpose."

In 1877, the railroad, owing to trouble encountered during low water in getting over the bar at Goose Rapids, built a spur track from Crookston to Fisher's Landing, which has since become Fisher, Minnesota, and the rails and other supplies were loaded on barges there instead of at Moorhead. The new shipping point became the head of navigation for a number of years, a large volume of traffic being handled in that way, the steamboats also taking Canadian-bound passengers from the railroad there. Thousands of settlers, both those who located in north-western Canada and those stopping in North Dakota, came in by way of Fisher's Landing.

Lord Dufferin, popular Governor-General who had been the first vice-regal representative to visit Winnipeg, and Lady Dufferin visited Fisher's Landing in August 1877, on their way in. They embarked on the *Minnesota*, and Lady Dufferin, who kept a diary, told of trying to write while proceeding on that part of the "very narrow and extremely sinuous" river. "I can only tell you that we go from one bank to the other, crushing and crashing against the trees, which grow down to the water-side; the branches sweep over the deck, and fly in our faces, and leave pieces behind them. I had just written this when I gave a shriek as I saw my ink-bottle on the point of being swept overboard by an intrusive tree; and D's [Lord Dufferin's] hat was knocked off his head by it.

"The consequence of this curious navigation is that we never really go on for more than three minutes at a time; we run against one bank, our steam is shut off, and in some mysterious manner we swing round till our bow is into the other; then we rebound, and go on a few yards, till the sharp curve brings us up against the side. Our stern wheel is very often ashore, and our captain and pilot must require the patience of saints. . . .

"This exceedingly twisty river is the 'Red Lake River'; it is forty miles to travel though the distance is only twelve from point to point. When we reached the Red River itself, we found the stream wide enough for us to go straight down it, less sinuous, but quite as muddy and uninteresting. Trees come down to the water's edge, and one can see nothing beyond them; behind stretches out the prairie, and every now and then we were just able to see how thin the screen of trees really is between the river and the plains."

That evening after dark they met another steamboat, the *Manitoba*. "It looked beautiful in the dark, with two great bull's-eyes, green and red lamps and other lights on deck, creeping towards us; we stopped, and backed into

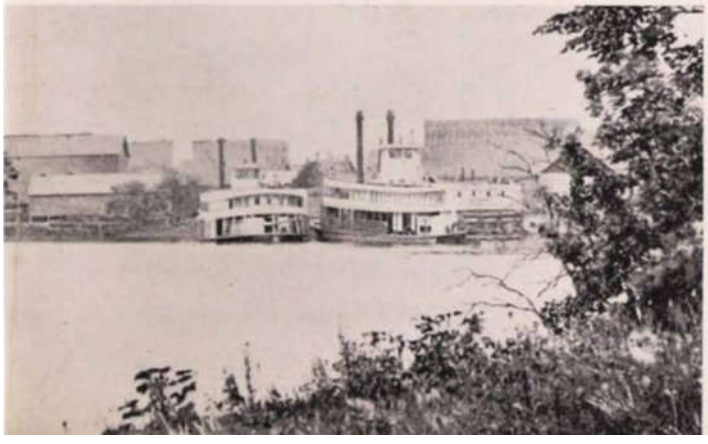
One of the few Red River sidewheelers—the *Cheyenne* (1874) on the Assiniboine, discharging cargo for Fort Garry Note the buggy on the top deck.

The *Manitoba* (1875) was sunk by the *International* in a collision near Winnipeg, but was soon raised and repaired.

the shore, that it might pass us. It came close and fired off a cannon, and we saw on the deck a large transparency with the words 'Welcome, Lord Dufferin' on it, and two girls dressed in white with flags in their hands; then a voice sang 'Canada, sweet Canada,' and many more voices joined the chorus."

After they had visited Pembina and Emerson, "the gentlemen bathed in the Red River" and they arrived at Winnipeg the next morning.

Lord and Lady Dufferin travelled on the *Minnesota* (right) seen here with the *Cheyenne* at Winnipeg. Beyond is the H B C store of 1881-2.



On the way back in September she described a cinnamon bear on board the *Minnesota*, a tame pig, which answered to the name of Dick, and a dog. "The bear sometimes hugs the pig, and the dog rushes to the rescue. Someone tied a bun to the pig's tail today, which the bear perceived, and seized; but while he was leisurely arranging himself to enjoy it, the pig seized it, and ate it up."

The *Manitoba Free Press* of Oct. 7, 1877, relates how, at the end of the voyage, "Capt. Thimmens, of the steamboat *Minnesota*, was presented by Lord and Lady Dufferin with autographed photographs and an autographed copy of His Excellency's book *Letters from High Latitudes*; a letter accompanying these presents stated they were meant as mementoes of his lordship's very pleasant trips on Capt. Thimmen's boat."

At Fisher's Landing again they saw a locomotive which Lady Dufferin records in her diary as "No. 2 of the Canada Pacific Railway. It is going to Winnipeg," she added, "with a train of railway trucks, and it is to be called the 'Lady Dufferin'." This engine now stands in front of Winnipeg's C.P.R. station, and is designated as "C.P.R. No. 1, Countess of Dufferin." With the "railway trucks" it was taken on barges to Winnipeg by the *Selkirk*,

and used to lay track between Winnipeg and Whitemouth. Later it took Sir William Van Horne, president of the line, through the West, and pulled the first train to cross the Rockies when it took Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald on his first trans-Canada journey.

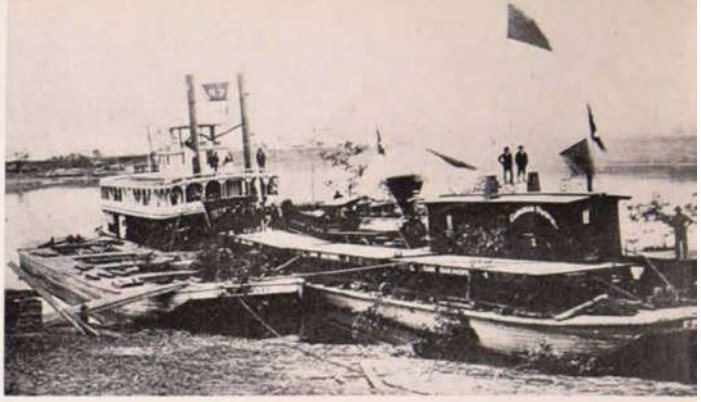
The arrival of this first engine with its cars at Winnipeg, on October 8, 1877, was celebrated with great rejoicing. But it meant the beginning of the end of steamer navigation on the Red River of the North.

Boats mentioned in the *Free Press* of Nov. 9, 1877, were the *Keewatin* wintering in the Assiniboine; *Prince Rupert* in the Seine; *Swallow*, Lower Fort; *Colville*, *Lady Ellen*, and *Jessie McKenney*, Cook's Creek; and the *Ventura* at the mouth of the Red.

The *Keewatin* and several other boats held periodical moonlight excursions with dancing on board. Pleasure trips and picnics by day with the boats daily bedecked with branches and flags were the fashion even on Sundays, although some people objected. The *Free Press* of April 27, 1878, quotes the captain of the *Lady Ellen* as saying: "On account of my frequent donations to the church and my habit of carrying church goods free, I am obliged to run on Sunday when it is absolutely necessary in order to keep from starving to death."

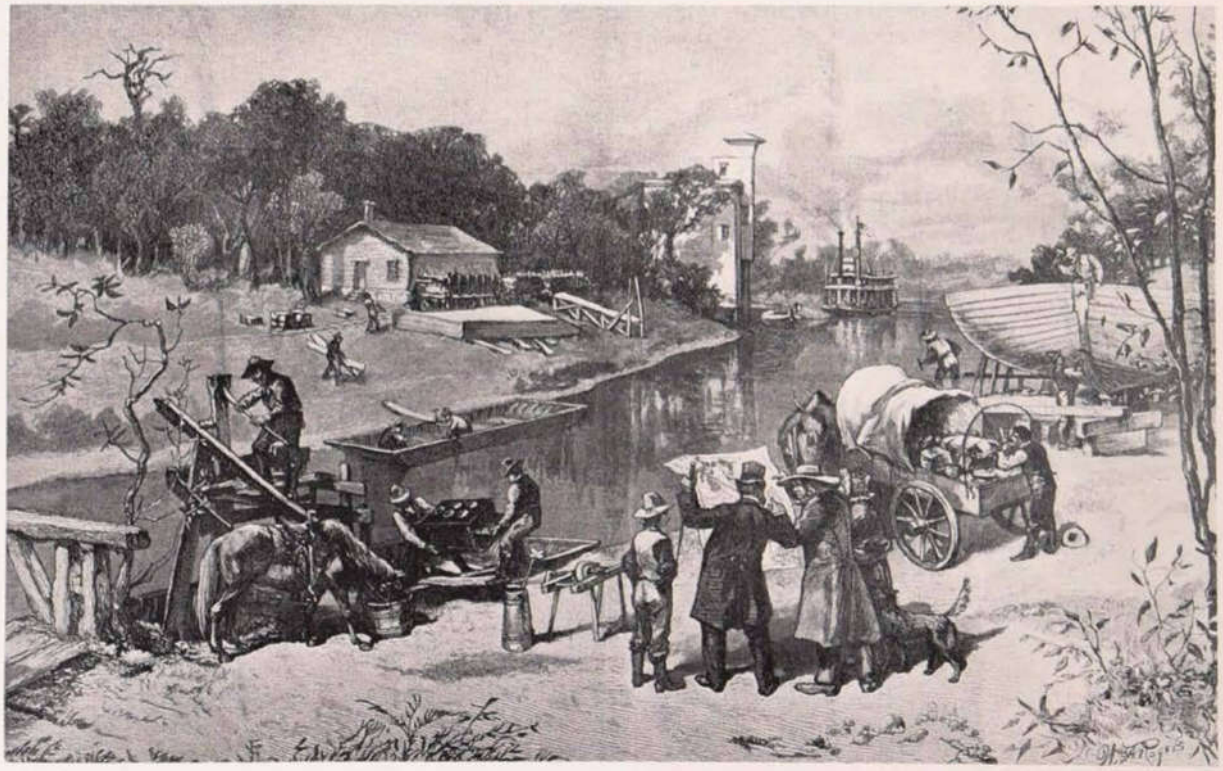
The *Swallow*, on May 4th, 1878, was sunk in the Red River just below Point Douglas during a heavy gale of wind. Fortunately a York boat, which was being towed up for some Icelanders who were on board, was fastened on the port side of the *Swallow*. Into this several of the passengers got for safety, one of whom was Rev. Father Lacombe who lost his "portable chapel" in a black satchel. The *Swallow* and the chapel were later reclaimed and the hull and machinery were not much damaged.

A much more notable sinking was that of the *Manitoba* in 1875. On her way from Moorhead to Winnipeg she was rammed amidships by the rival *International* on a sharp bend, and foundered in shallow water. Her owners entered suit against Kittson's company for $50,000; but the vessel was soon raised and six weeks after the collision she was again puffing up and down the river. Two years later she established a record by arriving at Winnipeg on April 23, and the next spring she beat that record by a month.



By bringing the first locomotive and cars to Winnipeg in 1877, the *Selkirk* sounded the death knell of steamer transportation between Minnesota and Manitoba.

Fargo, N.D., head of steamboat navigation on the Red, in 1880. The hull of a river steamer can be seen building on the right. From *Harpers Weekly* of Aug. 27, 1881.



Accidents were by no means infrequent on these river boats. Sometimes pranksters fell in and had to be rescued, like the gentleman who pretended to be waltzing with a partner and danced too near the edge of the deck. Careless sleepers on the decks fell off and were drowned; and on the *Dakota* in May 1874, a child who had fallen in was spectacularly rescued by a shackled prisoner. More violent was the murder of a passenger on the *International* in 1871—a murder mystery that was never solved.

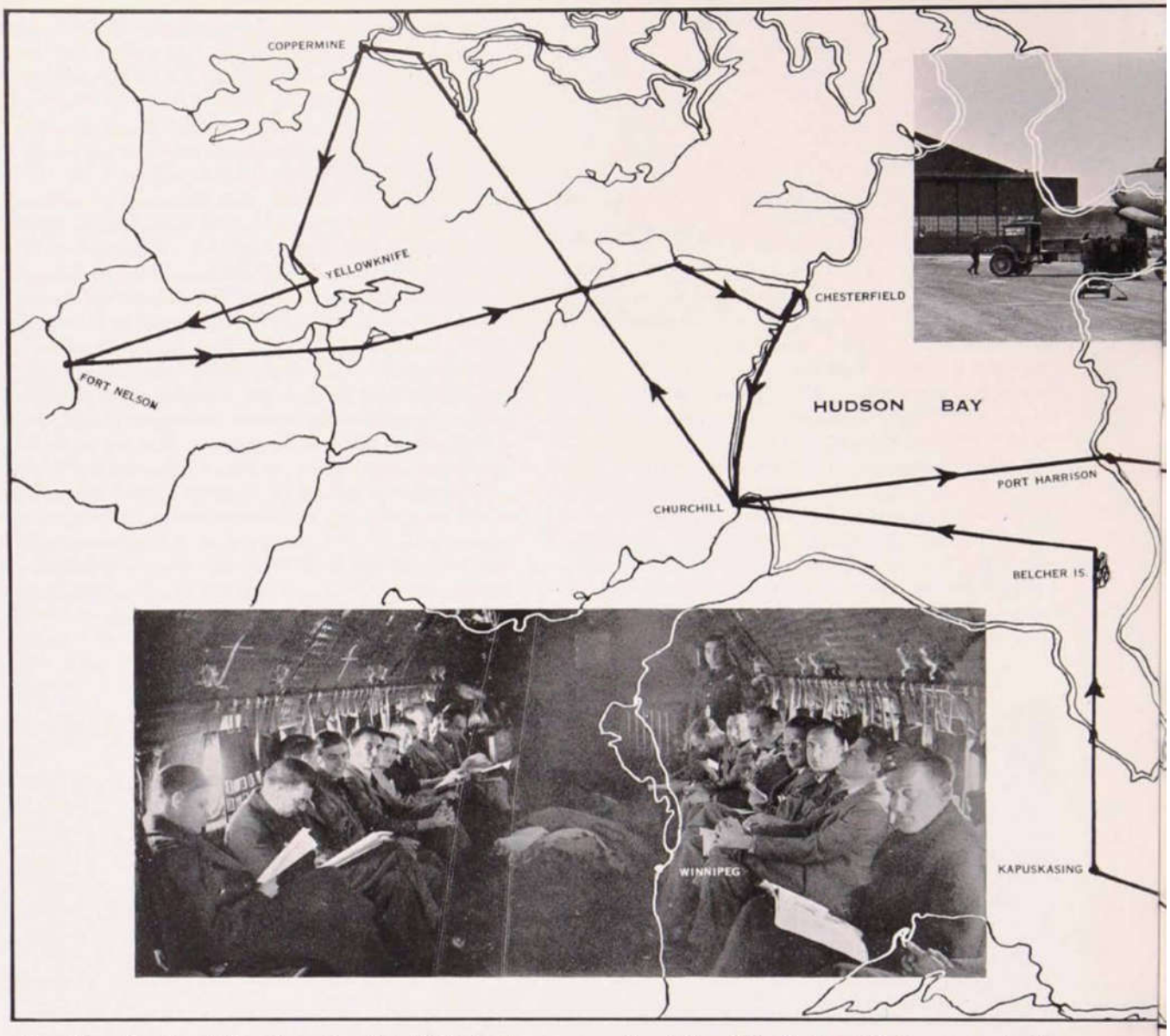
Considerable immigration from 1878 on caused new towns and villages to spring up, and the Red River Valley began to take on new life. The Winnipeg papers printed longer and longer lists of passengers, the record for May 4, 1878, being over a column long. By that year, Canada was supplying wheat to Britain, and one day in May a Winnipeg firm bagged, tied, addressed and shipped on board the *Selkirk* 2,100 bushels of Manitoba wheat consigned to the Old Country.

Despite the coming of the railway, many more steamers were built for the Red River trade. The *J. L. Grandin* of 218 tons was constructed at Fargo in 1878 to carry wheat from the Grandin farms in Traill County. Her skipper was Capt. Thimmens, formerly of the *Minnesota*. The *Grandin* was also used for pleasure trips and general cargo. C. R. Alsop and his brother built the *H. W. Alsop* of 157 tons at Moorhead in the winter of 1881-2 and launched her on May 17. She was sold, along with the 36-ton *Pluck*, in 1883, to the Red River Transportation Co. The *Wm. Robinson*, the *Marquette* and the *Northwest* were built at Moorhead in the 80's for Winnipeg owners for service around the city and on the Assiniboine. The first was a small propeller, the others sternwheelers.

In the flood of 1882 the steamers performed yeoman service. The *Selkirk* was used by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway to transport passengers from St. Vincent to Emerson, pushing a long scow full of baggage and an overflow of passengers. The steamer *Pluck* arrived at Emerson with 75,000 feet of lumber, and by keeping in a ditch, steamed two blocks up Park Street. Her captain reported all towns from Grand Forks under water except Drayton. In the 1897 flood the *Assiniboine*, a vessel built for the Assiniboine river trade but plying also on the Red, sailed up river with relief supplies for Emerson and tied up in front of the Alexander block on Main street.

Not until 1909 did the last steamer run from Minnesota to Winnipeg. She was the *Grand Forks* of 100 tons, built at that place in 1895, and powered with the machinery and boiler out of the *H. W. Alsop*. She arrived at her destination on June 6, thus bringing to a close fifty years of steamboat traffic between the two countries.

The *Assiniboine* tied up in Main Street, Emerson, during the 1897 flood.

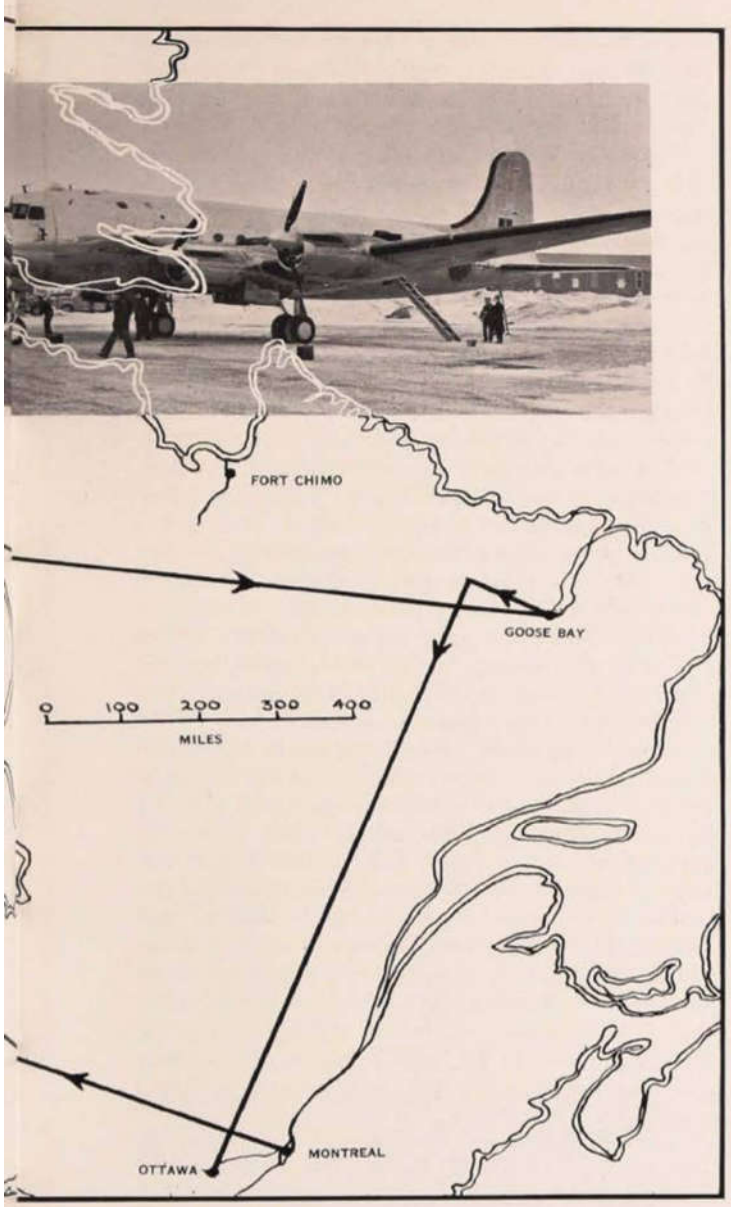


Top right: The North Star plane, in which Flight Cariberg was made, at Churchill. Bottom left: Passengers inside the plane while flying over the Barrens.

Flight Cariberg

In 1848 Sir George Simpson travelled from Montreal to the end of Lake Winnipeg and back, and spent 2½ months doing it.

In 1948, twenty-one scientists and service officers travelled from Montreal to the Alaska Highway and back, via the Arctic and Labrador coasts, and spent 4½ days doing it.



by Robert F. Legget

TRAVEL occupies a dominant place in the story of the discovery and opening-up of the vast reaches of northern Canada. Those "that travel by land or by water," were those whose discoveries first showed the wide extent of the Canadian northland. The *Beaver*, in bringing together a number of the scattered references to early exploration of the North, has published many a stirring tale of northern travel. In its pages have also appeared several interesting records of more recent journeys, the story of the influence of air travel upon the development of the North being readily traceable by a perusal of the more recent Outfits. So commonplace has the aeroplane now become in the North, with flights beyond the Arctic Circle now publicly scheduled, that only exceptional examples of modern travel will warrant attention in these pages. "Flight Cariberg" appears to be such an exception.

This unusual name was applied by the Royal Canadian Air Force to an expedition to the North carried out in May, 1948. It was a "multi-purpose operation," to use a popular phrase of the day, beginning and ending in Montreal. Those who took part had the unforgettable experience of travelling from Montreal as far north as Coronation Gulf, as far west as the Rockies and as far east as the Labrador Coast, between a Monday morning and Friday afternoon of the same week.

As an example of the efficiency of well planned air transport, the operation was outstanding, but it is because of the remarkable coverage of northern Canada which the flight achieved in so short a time that its story is told for readers of this magazine.

The plane used was a Canadian-built four-engined North Star, one of a few which had been delivered to the R.C.A.F. a little time before the flight. Although four-engined planes had become regular equipment for American flying in the North, no Canadian-built plane of this type had been used for northern flying; it was therefore decided to give a North Star a northern test flight. At about the same time, the Wildlife Service of the (then) Department of Mines and Resources made enquiries about the possibility of one or more reconnaissance flights over the barren lands in order to check up on the caribou population, an apparent decrease in which was causing much concern. Concurrently, the Meteorological Service of the Department of Transport was most anxious to investigate ice conditions in Hudson Bay at the time of the break-up, in connection with its studies of northern weather conditions. To fulfil these three major requirements was the task of "Flight Cariberg," which took its name from the words "caribou" and "iceberg."

The party assembled at Dorval Airport, Montreal, on Monday, May 3, 1948. Twenty-one passengers, an operating crew of eight, and a maintenance crew of five, made a total complement of thirty-four. The plane had to carry its own supply of lubrication, fifteen 40-gallon drums, and complete emergency equipment for all personnel for northern survival. When, therefore, it took off from the Dorval runway, the engines must have lifted close to the limiting load possible with a plane of this type. The pilot was Flight Lieutenant J. T. Mills, D.F.C., the co-pilot Flight Lieutenant R. R. Murray. Air Commodore J. C. Bryans headed the service passengers who included Captain R. Cunliffe, R.N., of the British High Commissioner's office. Civilian personnel included Dr. Lawrence Irving, Director of the U.S. Research Laboratory at Point Barrow, Alaska; Dr. J. T. Wilson and Dr. D. Y. Solandt of the University of Toronto; Professor F. K. Hare of McGill University; four young meteorologists; and Miss Margaret Montgomery, a special student of meteorology

The Cariberg party at the Fort Nelson Hotel, Alaska Highway. Miss Montgomery, only woman in the party, is in the doorway.

then at McGill University, and one of the keenest of observers throughout the flight. Despite her feminine charm, she was accepted as one of the very masculine team, almost from the start of the flight; in this particular case, no tribute to a lady could be higher!

After the usual submission to press photographers and even the recording of a broadcast for the CBC, our party took off from Dorval shortly after 10 o'clock on the Monday morning. Climbing to 6,000 feet, a course was set for Kapuskasing. After circling this northern town, our course was changed to one almost due north. The first snow was seen in this location, but as the shore of James Bay was approached, the ground became completely covered with snow, despite the fact that it was the month of May. Thereafter snow was a continuous ground cover until just before we reached Fort Nelson on the Alaska Highway.

The coast of James Bay was crossed at about 2.00 p.m. The sea ice along the shore was very broken and we soon reached open water. There was open water also to the north of Akimiski Island and again to the north of the Belcher Islands which were reached about one hour later. These desolate stretches of rock were closely studied; it is believed that one small Eskimo settlement was seen near the northwest corner of the main island. The plane then headed west across Hudson Bay, clouds being encountered for the first time during the day, which interfered to some extent with the study of the continuous ice cover of the Bay. The plane touched down on the runway at Churchill at 5.40 p.m.

There the party was joined by A. W. F. Banfield of the Dominion Wildlife Service, and he directed the observations of the caribou throughout the second and the succeeding day. Many members of the party assisted with this operation, using the windows on both sides of the plane. Throughout the thousand mile flight from Churchill to Coronation Gulf the only signs of life observed were one barren-ground grizzly bear, a herd of ten muskox, two flights of white ptarmigan and about one thousand caribou divided between about fifty small groups. Over the caribou grounds the plane flew at about 2000 feet, the weather being brilliantly clear. The desolate appearance of this area of Canada, particularly when covered with its light layer of snow, can only be imagined, since no photographs give any impression of the monotony of that seemingly limitless white expanse.

We left Churchill at about half past nine on this second day; the Arctic Circle was crossed shortly after noon and the coast of the Arctic Ocean was reached about half past one. Just before this the plane passed over the most barren and awe-inspiring terrain seen during the entire trip. The bare glaciated rock surface of the hills and deep valleys of this part of the North could be seen glistening in the bright sunlight. When it was recalled that Sir John Franklin and other explorers had to walk through this area, the full significance of its barren character was vividly realized.

Readers of the *Beaver* may recall the interesting article contributed to the issue of June, 1949, by Dr. J. T. Wilson, with regard to the journeys of Samuel Hearne. Dr. Wilson had the inspiration to bring with him on the Cariberg Flight a copy of Samuel Hearne's *Journey to the Northern Ocean*. It was a strange and very sobering experience to find on this and on the day following that one could not read quickly enough the pages of the laboriously written account in order to keep up with the route being covered, as described in the record of Hearne's long journey on foot over much of the same ground.

Upon reaching the Arctic Ocean, our course was changed to one almost due west, and the panorama of the entire group of Couper and Berens islands was clearly seen. We passed Coppermine at 1.45 p.m., the plane circling the small settlement at a height of about 3000 feet, still in bright sunlight. It was not very difficult to imagine the feelings of those in the small buildings below as they watched these visitors from the south come and go so quickly. The course was then again changed to one almost due south, and the Coppermine River was followed until the tree line was again reached. It was surprising to see the sudden change in the terrain caused by this northern extension of the limit of vegetation associated so closely with the Mackenzie Valley.

The plane flew low over the Camsell River district in order that another count of caribou might be carried out. About five hundred were seen, all in extremely small herds, on the ice of the many lakes which we crossed. The first signs of human activity seen here were the tractor trails over the lakes north of Yellowknife, and these were followed until the town of Yellowknife was reached at 3.45 p.m.

In brilliant sunlight we circled that famous gold-mining centre for a few minutes, while the people in the streets below looked up with evident interest in our strange aircraft. Then we set a straight course for Fort Nelson, B.C., nearly four hundred miles away. After crossing the north arm of Great Slave Lake, we flew over the entrance to the Mackenzie River and arrived at Fort Nelson, on the Alaska Highway, about half past five.

Our party was most hospitably received at this isolated station by the entire resident staff of the R.C.A.F. We inspected the station and were shown something of the

Alaska Highway. It was a strange experience to walk in the cool of the evening amidst tall lodgepole pines, after having spent the entire day travelling over such barren wastes as we had seen on the route from Churchill. And strange also to reflect that only that morning we had been on the shores of Hudson Bay.

We left Fort Nelson about 9.15 a.m. on the Wednesday morning with the objective of flying again across the barren lands diagonally, roughly at right angles to the previous day's flight, for a further investigation of caribou. We had a fine view of the Rocky Mountains as the plane took off from the unique single runway at Fort Nelson and turned again towards the east. Once again we noticed the striking change in terrain as the Slave River was crossed. After this point the ground was completely snow covered and as barren as had been seen on the day previous. The caribou seemed to be somewhat more numerous that we had seen previously, several herds of about one hundred animals being noted, although the total number observed was calculated to be not in excess of two thousand.

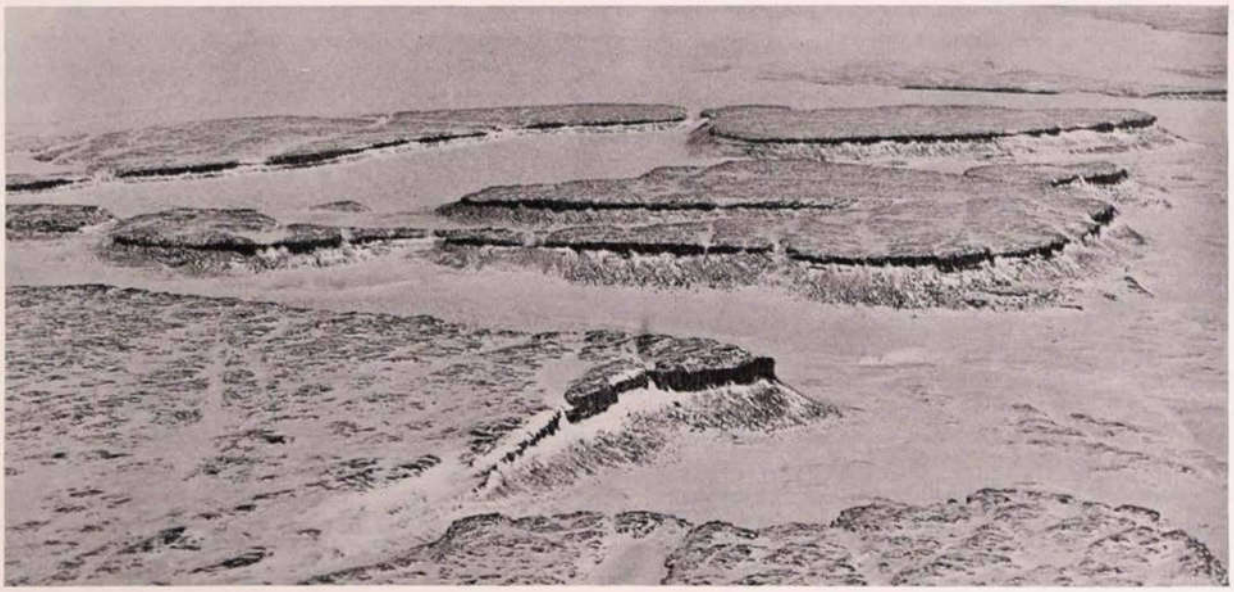
Baker Lake was passed about two o'clock, again in the bright sunshine, so that we had clear views of the original settlement and of the more recent buildings. The course was then set down Chesterfield Inlet, and when that small settlement was passed at about three o'clock the first igloos to be seen during the flight were clearly discernible.

The return to Churchill was made along the shore of the Bay. One of the most interesting experiences of the whole flight was to observe the many changing patterns of the broken shore ice. Much of this had been re-frozen into large floes, after the first break-up. The mosaic pattern formed by this unusual ice structure as seen in the brilliant sunlight of the afternoon was one of the most beautiful things which the writer has ever been privileged to see. The plane touched down at Churchill at 4.37 p.m., the landing being slightly interfered with by the grazing of caribou on the runway!

We took to the air at Churchill about 9.30 on the following morning and headed almost due east across the waters of Hudson Bay. Most of the flight was made at an elevation of no more than one thousand feet. The experience of flying at this elevation in such a plane as a North Star over continuously broken ice is an experience which can best be imagined. Only when the eastern shores of the Bay were approached was any large amount of open water seen, extending for a distance of about 50 miles out from the coast. It was only adjacent to this open water that re-frozen ice floes were again seen similar to those observed along the west coast of the Bay.

We reached Port Harrison on the east coast at 12.30 p.m. From there it had been intended to set a course for Fort Chimo, but radio advice was received to the effect that clouds made landing at Chimo impossible. Arrangements were therefore made by radio to change the flight plan and proceed instead to Goose Bay, Labrador. The afternoon was spent in flying across the central part of Quebec. This part of the journey had its own special interest, especially to those who were familiar with the North shore of the St. Lawrence and the legends told by the Indians of the district usually called the "height of land." It was more than surprising to pass over this flat area, three-quarters of which consists of waterways all inter-connected, with no land marks at all, and to picture the difficulties of travel on foot and by canoe through this forbidding region. As the Atlantic coast was approached, all signs of snow disappeared although the rivers were still ice-bound. Scrub trees gave way to stunted spruce and these increased in size in the immediate hinterland of Goose Bay. This famous airport was safely reached at 3.50 p.m.

The Berens Islands in Coronation Gulf, Central Arctic, as seen from the plane.



The party at Goose Bay, Labrador. In the centre, with cap, is Dr. Irving of the U.S.N.R. laboratory, Point Barrow. The uniformed naval officer is Capt. Cunliffe, R.N., of the British High Commissioner's office, Ottawa.

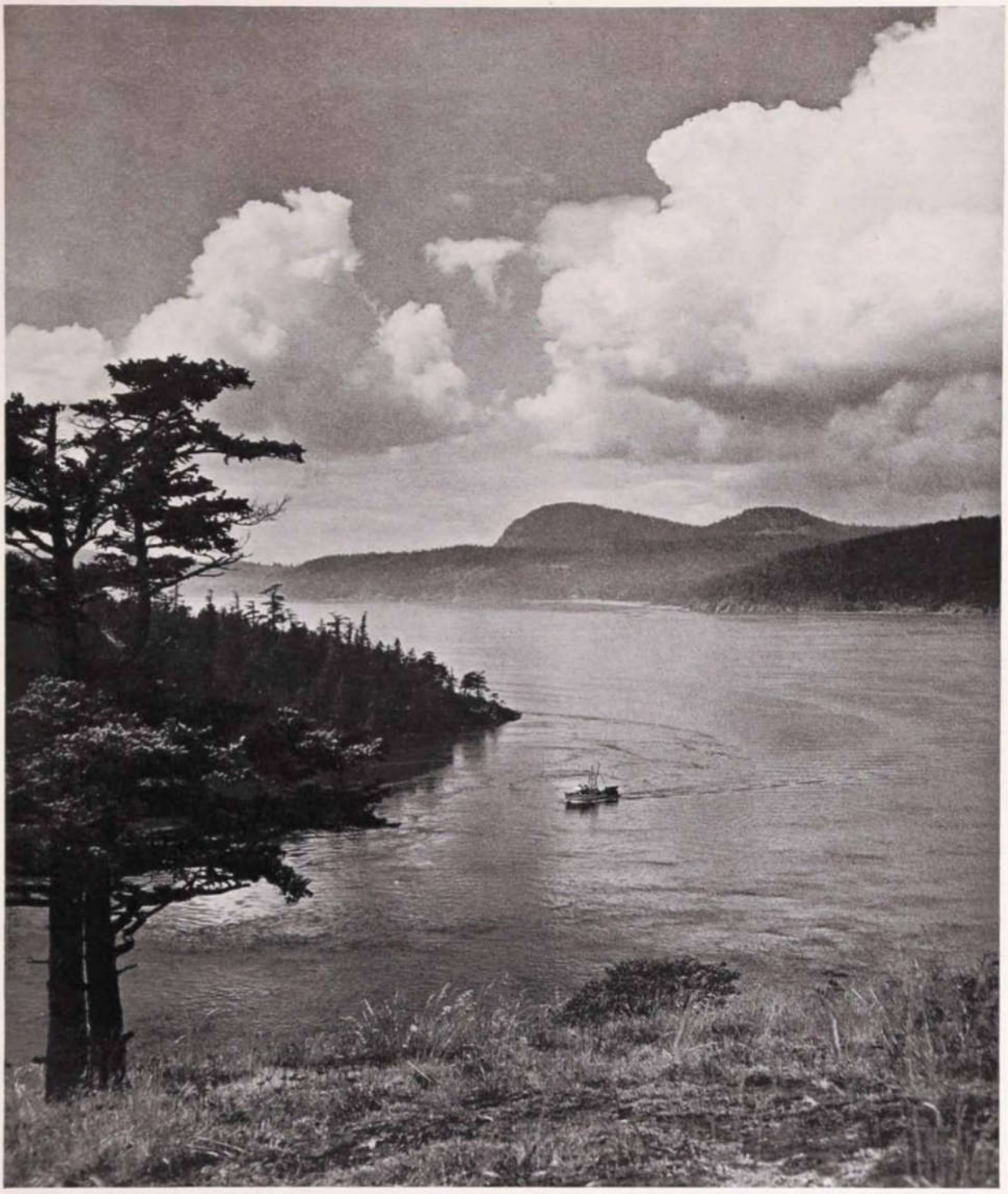
Flight was resumed on the Friday morning at 9.45 a.m., and the course set once more for Fort Chimo, Ungava. The sky was overcast for the first time on starting, but clouds were passed by climbing to about seven thousand feet. About one hour after leaving Goose Bay and travelling away from the Labrador coast, advice was received that Fort Chimo was again "closed in." Instructions were then received to change course and head directly for Rockcliffe Airport, Ottawa—all this while flying thousands of feet above the wilderness of Labrador. It was a striking example of the range and power of modern northern communications.

Although clouds obscured the ground until about 11 a.m. our usual good fortune soon returned, and the remainder of the flight was made in clear weather until the final approach to Rockcliffe Airport. Reference to the flight map will show that the revised route lay upon the headwaters of the great rivers flowing into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence along its northern coast. It was particularly interesting to notice the gradual change in the ice conditions on these rivers, the great Manicouagan being crossed almost at the time of breakup, and the flow lines in the ice formation being clearly visible from the plane.

Once again the devastation caused by forest fires was seen all too vividly, but these charred hillsides were soon forgotten as the Lake St. John district was approached and the fertile lands of southern Quebec were seen in the beauty of their springtime freshness. The ice on Lake St. John provided an interesting study, open water existing only at the outlet from the lake and at the mouths of the larger rivers flowing into it. To the west of the great lake, no more snow was seen and all rivers and streams seemed to be open running water. We crossed the Lièvre River, a tributary of the Ottawa first noted by Champlain, at 2 p.m. and the wheels of the plane touched down at Rockcliffe a few minutes later. After the Ottawa passengers had disembarked, the plane continued its journey to Montreal, and reached Dorval Airport at about three o'clock. Upon landing at Rockcliffe, warm summer rain was encountered. This merely seemed to emphasize the freshness of all the new growth on trees and on the ground which was in such striking contrast to all that had been seen during the preceding four days.

If this record reads rather "breathlessly," it reflects quite accurately the feelings of even the most hardened travellers amongst those who participated in this remarkable flight, as they set foot again on familiar ground and looked back on their continental tour. The total distance travelled was about eight thousand miles and for only about fifteen percent of this distance was vision interfered with by clouds. This phenomenal good weather added greatly to the scientific value of the expedition, and was in keeping with the excellence with which all the arrangements were carried out and the way in which the North Star plane performed. All the scientific objectives of the expedition were achieved successfully. The ice studies in Hudson's Bay have since been extended through observations on subsequent shorter flights; and an interesting summary has recently been published in *Arctic*. Geological observations of unusual glacial features provided another —and unexpected—result of the expedition.

As an example of careful planning, as a demonstration of what a large modern aircraft can do, and as an instance of scientific teamwork, "Flight Cariberg" was a most notable achievement. To all of us who participated, however, the most notable and lasting memory will almost certainly be the 8,000 mile panorama of that great and still largely unknown area—the north of Canada, which has known so much high adventure in times past.



Pacific scene. *Eric Wahleen*

James Isham's
Observations on Hudson's Bay

A review of the twelfth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society

Edited with an introduction by
E. E. RICH
assisted by A. M. Johnson

by R. B. Horsefield

THIS twelfth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society series may not be the most important, but it will certainly not be found the least interesting. Its interest lies not in any one outstanding discovery, but rather in the fascinating picture that is built up, line by vivid line, of the life of a faithful and very human factor of the Company, two hundred years ago on the shores of Hudson Bay.

James Isham, as an eight-page biographical note explains, was appointed Chief Factor at Prince of Wales's Fort in 1741 when he was only about twenty-five years old. From December 23, 1742, to February 1, 1743, he was confined to the fort through illness, and "it was apparently during this period of confinement that he wrote his *Observations on Hudson's Bay*." In 1746 he was appointed "chief at York Fort during pleasure," and he was hardly settled there when the *Dobbs-Galley* and *California* arrived to winter in the mouth of the Hayes River. These two ships had been outfitted to look for the Northwest Passage by the "North West Committee" who charged that the Company had been negligent in searching for that northern route to the Orient.

The introduction by the editor, ninety-two pages long, gives the setting in history, and the reactions of the London Committee to James Isham's revelations, and it details at length the dispute between Dobbs and Middleton over the possibility of finding a Northwest Passage. Most readers will need to read the introduction in order to understand Isham's own writings, although the latter are the meat of the book. Both parts are very fully documented with footnotes.

Isham opens with "A Vocabulary of English & Indian." A mistaken footnote here adds that "the language is apparently a mixture of Cree dialects" but it is the Bay dialect throughout, though disguised here and there by Isham's spelling idiosyncrasies and by the changes that two centuries have made in the language itself. There are many interesting features in this vocabulary. The first word given is "God," showing the dutiful piety of the compiler; but the translation given shows also the truth of Captain Coats' indictment (p. xxviii) that the Company made no efforts to bring Christian teaching to the natives, for it is *we sa ca cha*, and Wesakachak is a mythical figure having more in common with Paul Bunyan than with God.

We need not wonder that Isham has little notion of the very elaborate inflexion of the Cree language: 101 years were to pass before another of the Company's factors, Joseph Howse, gave his admirable dissection of Cree grammar to the world. But, if Isham is poor in grammar, he is rich in terms. He lists very exactly the Indian names of no less than fifty-three species of birds (of a few of which he does not know the English names), thirteen fishes, and nine "insects"—including among these "a frogg" and a snake—as well as vocabularies "of beasts & things relating to beast," "of a house in general & furniture &c.," "of arts sciences & professions with utentials &c," and many others. And he is a good observer: he notes the six, not four, seasons of the Indians' year; makes the distinction between elder brother and younger; and lists such small but necessary items as—among "cloaths & things carried about one &c"—"A String the women wears, about their waste, wch. they tie their Stockings to."

A pleasant feature of the vocabularies is a series of dialogues, e.g. between "an Englishman and Indian a going a goose hunting," and between "the trader & a gang of Indians." "Friend come I want to trade," says the Indian. "presently i am eating," answers the trader. "make haste it's flood I want to be gone"—"presently presently"—"you are always eating give me some"—which teach us a good deal more about the modes and manners of the day than about the Indian language.

To all this the observant factor adds seven "Different Ways to Count Ten in the Indian Language," displaying the numerals one to ten in two "Common Indn. Languages," in the "Earchithinu Language," in the "Earchethinue Language in a nother part of the Country," in the "Southwd. Indn. Language," the "Stone Indian or sine poet Language" and the "Northward Indn. Language." The first two are Cree and Ojibwa respectively; the Earchithinu is identified as Blackfoot; the Stone Indian is of course Assiniboine, and the Northward Indian Chipewyan. I have not been able to identify the Southward Indian nor the "Earchethinue in a nother part of the Country." "Earchethinue" can be translated "the Varying Indians," and may mean only the "foreign" Indians, or those of migratory habits. A note in Appendix B discusses the possibility of their being Gros Ventre Indians. Archdeacon Middleton, however, identifies the "Earchithinu

Language" given by Isham as Blackfoot—a language which he knows well—and points out that the "Earchethinue Language in a nother part of the Country" is neither Blackfoot nor Gros Ventre. Which poses a highly interesting question as to what it may have been.

Isham lists "several Different Nations or countery Indian's that usses the English setlements, in these northern parts" as follows (the identifications in parentheses are mine): Nakawawuck (Saulteaux), Moquo (?), Muskekowuck (Swampy Crees), Keiskachewon (*not* Saskatchewan, perhaps the Nelson River), Poetuck (Sioux), Cawcawquek (the name means Ravens), Nemau' (Sturgeon), wappuss (Rabbit), sinnepoet alias Boskemo (Assiniboine), Earchethinues, Missinnepee (Churchill River), Gristeen (Cristino—(?) Crees), pennesewagewan (the name means "Thundering Flow"), Quashe'o (Severn), Pechepoetinue (?), wunnusku (? Winisk River), unnahathewunnutitto (Crees) and Uchepowuck (Ojibwas).

Here it might be as well to point out that, while "Cristino" and its hundred-odd variants on record is usually considered to be an old name for the Crees, the Crees do not so call themselves. Their own name is Naheyawuk. Note too that Appendix B lists the Christianaux among the Saulteaux-speaking Indians. A more exhaustive list is provided by Andrew Graham, 1775, and printed as Appendix B in this present work. He divides the Indians coming to the Bay forts into six nations, each subdivided into tribes. As these tribal names are not translated, I offer the following identifications:

Weechepowack Nation	Chipewyan speaking
Ateem Uspeki	Dog-ribs
Mith co coman	Yellowknife, lit. Red knife
Wee chip y an i wuck	Chipewyans
Pegog eme ou	?
Mus cus is cau	Grass is plentiful
Omisk a sepe	Beaver River
Athup pe scau	Athabaska
Poethinicau	?
Pena say witchewan	"Thundering Flow"
Keiskatchewan	?
Washe ho Sepe	Severn River
Musce ko uck	Swampy Crees
Mis se ne pe	Churchill River
Waske su sepe	Red Deer River
Peme chic emeou	Cross Lake
Nemeou	? Sturgeonweir River
Chuckitanau	The Hill, a landmark near York
We wune to uc	? The nomads
Ka stich e wan	Albany River
Assinee Poet	Assiniboine
Me kis sue	Lit. Eagle
Me ke po etuc	Lit. Quill Sioux
Kano bic a poet	Lit. Long Lake Sioux
Naka we wuck	Saulteaux
Attawawa	Lit. Traders
Nama kou sepe	Trout River
Waupus	Lit. Rabbit
Christianaux	Cree
Win nes cau sepe	Winisk River
Ougebouy	Ojibwa
Mistahay suckahagan	Lake Superior
Mith quagameou sepe	Red River
Shu mattaway	Shamattawa
Ou pe she pow	?
Wine pesk ko wuck	Seacoast Indians
Moose waw sepe	Moose River

Students of natural history will find great enjoyment in Isham's rich and careful notes: birds, beasts and insects are all observed with sympathetic eyes. "Flesh flies are troublesome and offencive, they taking a peice wherever they Bite, the Hotter the weather, the plentier they are, these are Very troublesome to the beasts, as Deer &c. the poor creatures running as oft persu'd by a much more formidable Enemy, if such can be possible, into the water, where they Lay themselves Downe, under the Surface of the Water, to Keep these Vermin from Destroying them, —what with the heat and plague of these fly's, and musketo's, makes them Very poor in the Summer months."

Moss, grass and berries, herbs and trees, all form subjects for Isham's observation. He gives the recipe for extracting the red dye from the inner bark of red willow; a black dye from "a sort of stone they gett from in Land, of a Sulfr'ace Nature"; and "a Very good Yellow" from "a sort of maw'se." He notes the method of preparing touchwood from birch trees; observes the various shapes of snowshoes; has quite a chapter on different types of traps and spring guns (all illustrated with schoolboy sketches, beautifully gory with red ink around the animals' wounds). He tells of astronomical observations he tried to make with Captain Christopher Middleton, and deals faithfully with the Captain's too, too wonderful narratives of "The Extraordinary Degrees and Surprizing Effects of COLD."

The anthropologist, on the other hand, will find Isham a disappointment, for after watching the posturing of the medicine man, he only reports that the fellow went through a number of antics not worth mentioning. He hears many of the native legends and beliefs, and dismisses them as meaningless childishness, not troubling himself to write them down. But he goes into detail regarding the Indians' physical appearance, their clothing, their tents and their gear.

Appendix A consists of "A Journal of the most material Transactions, and Copys of Letters between Mr. James Isham and Council at York Fort, and Capt. William Moor, [of the *California*] Capt. Francis Smith [of the *Dobbs-Galley*] and their Council during their Wintering in Hayes's River." Here we see the man himself, in his dilemma as a faithful officer of the Company very much perplexed to know what to do with two marauding ships (as he must consider them) that have cast themselves on his mercy, flourishing moreover "His Majesty's Commission." The correspondence between the ships and the fort appears to be almost complete, and a very interesting study it makes. It is indeed the raw material from which a fine novel might be wrought. There are sharp disputes and cautious reconciliations; there are devious tricks and shrewd countermeasures. But above all emerges the picture of the factor, a sorely harassed man, his compassion at war with his sense of duty to the Company, and his gout at war with his compassion. He comes out very well, on the whole, from his difficult situation, and we close his Journal with a new respect for this English stalwart upholding his English code (his only guide, in want of specific instructions from London) amid the irritations afforded by his unwelcome guests, the indolence and filth of the natives, the rigour of the climate, and his own ill health.

Near Whitehorse in the Yukon.

From a

Northern Journey

Photographs by

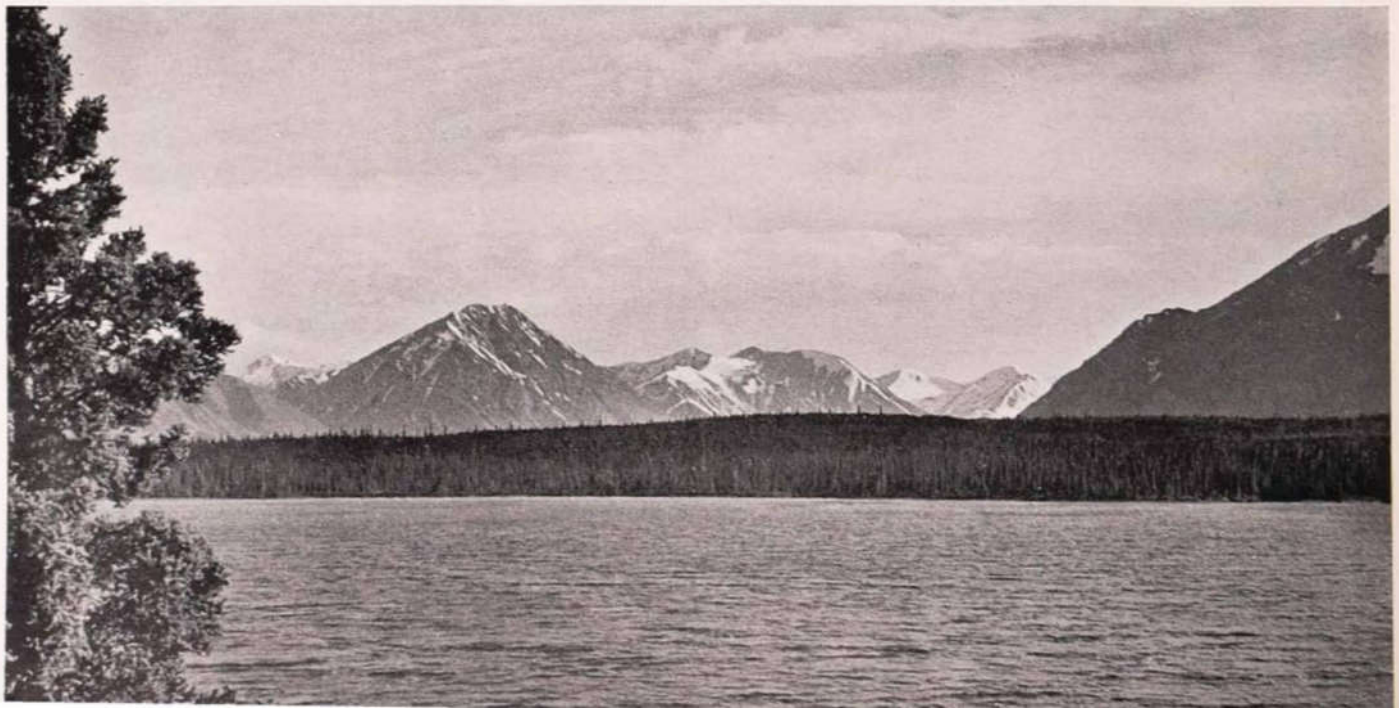
Field Marshal the Viscount Alanbrooke

A Yukon fishing camp. On the left is Field Marshal Viscount Alexander, Governor-General of Canada.

Indians (left) and Eskimos outside the store at Aklavik, on the Mackenzie—one of the few posts where people of both these races come to trade.

Eskimo women and children at Aklavik. (Little Angnapik seems to take a dim view of the proceedings.)

A lake near Whitehorse.



In the Eastern Arctic. Coral Harbour, Southampton Island.

Back in Winnipeg. Hudson's Bay House from the Fort Garry Hotel.
Fort Garry gate is almost hidden by the trees in the centre.

The Record Flood of 1826

Red River settlers had to cope with a much worse flood than 1950's. Yet with no aid other than their neighbours', they rebuilt the colony that became Winnipeg.

by Francis Heron

Introduction by Clifford Wilson

DISASTROUS as the 1950 Red River flood was in terms of property damage and numbers of people affected, to-day's Manitobans can count themselves lucky that they did not have to contend with a flood as bad as that of 1826. In that year the Red River not only rose to its record level—about seven feet above the 1950 flood—but the rushing waters were accompanied by great blocks of ice that swept away the settler's homes until "there are scarcely the vestage of a house remaining." What such huge ice floes would have done to 1950's dikes is horrible to contemplate.

The following graphic account of the 1826 devastation has been extracted from the journal kept at Fort Garry and the two evacuee camps by Francis Heron, clerk of the Hudson's Bay Company, the original of which is in the Company's archives in London. Certainly the best description of that disaster which has survived, it begins on the same date, and the same day of the week, as Mr. Walker's account of the 1950 flood. But two days previously, it had been obvious that trouble was imminent when, according to Alexander Ross's *Red River Settlement*, the ice-bound river rose *nine* feet in twenty-four hours.

One rather puzzling point in Heron's account is his references in the plural to "forts," as applied to Fort Garry. It will be remembered that the Hudson's Bay Company had taken over the Northwesters' Fort Gibraltar at the Union of 1821, and the next year had renamed it Fort Garry. But Heron constantly mentions two forts: "The forts were also guarded by the trees on the Assiniboine Point . . . part of the people of both establishments were moved out . . . The forts stand like a castle of romance." Two of these quotations show that the forts were close together, if not inside a common palisade.

Perhaps the explanation can be found in a few extracts from E. H. Oliver's *Canadian North-West* (Pubns. of Can. Archives No. 9, Ottawa 1914), Vol. I:

p. 251: "As the Trustees of the Earl of Selkirk have determined to reduce the expences of the Red River Settlement as much as they possibly can, the *Colony Store* will now be entirely abolished, and the settlers will henceforward have to supply themselves with such articles as they may want from the stores of the Hudson's Bay Company or any other regular channel they may think proper to resort to."

p. 260: A public notice dated Jan. 20, 1825, in which mention is made of *new* Fort Douglas.

p. 262: In Donald McKenzie's letter of August 1826 to Andrew Colvile, describing the flood, he says: "Our fort being situated at the junction of both rivers it has been subject to great dilapidation, more especially the side belonging to the Company. The main body of the Colony buildings stood out the pressure, but the stockades . . . have either been smashed in pieces or carried away by the stream."

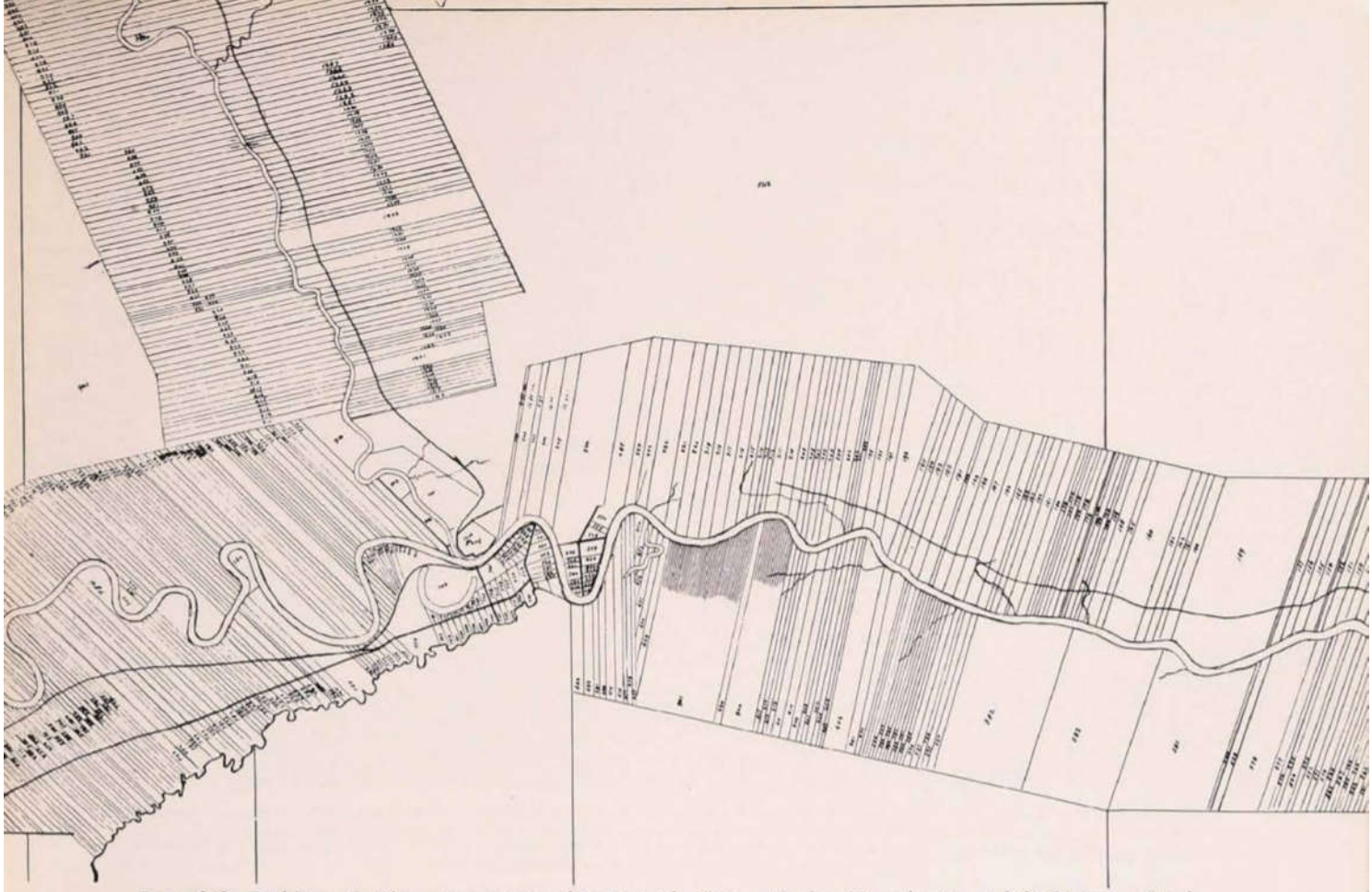
Taken together with Heron's mention of Old Fort Douglas being swept away, and references in contemporary Minutes to the "Colony Shop," these suggest that Fort Garry was divided in two, New Fort Douglas being the name given to the colony half where the settlers made their purchases, and Fort Garry proper being the Company's regular fur trading post.

May 4th Thursday. The water in the Rivers rose about 5 feet perpendicular during the last twenty-four hours, and the ice is now on a level with the highest banks, but it is still so thick and strong that even the present flush of waters have not sufficient force to break it up. Sleet rain and snow. Wind S.E.

May 5th Friday. About 2 p.m. the ice in the Red River at length broke up, with an awful rush; carrying away cattle, houses, trees and everything else that came in its way. The river overflowed its banks everywhere, and carried the ice with great velocity to a greater distance from its course than had ever been before seen by the oldest inhabitants. The houses of the Settlers were one instant seen standing, and the next not a vestage was to be discovered, to denote their situations. Forty seven dwelling houses were thus carried off by the first rush, in the short space of half an hour, and many others afterwards from which the wretched inhabitants, barely escaped with their lives. The waters at the same time rushed into the forts, but the banks being fortunately high, the ice only rubbed against the corner of our front bastion. The forts were also guarded by the trees on the Assiniboine Point.[1] Apprehending an inundation we had previously taken the precaution to raise all the perishable goods and property in the stores some distance from the ground. This necessary task occupied all hands during this morning and the whole of yesterday. On the floods entering the forts, the families, and part of the people of both establishments were moved out to an elevated situation above the forts, on the Assiniboine, and the rest of the people were placed to take care of the property in the forts. Wind S.W. blowing a strong breeze. Weather mild.

May 6th Saturday. The waters continued to increase during the last night and this day. The ice during the same time ran past without intermission in immence masses, mingled with the wrecks of houses, fences, trees, etc. Some

1. Fort Garry stood on the north bank of the Assiniboine at its junction with the Red.



Part of the Red River Settlement as surveyed in 1836-8 by George Taylor. Near the top at left, Sturgeon Creek crosses the beginnings of Portage Avenue, and joins the Assiniboine where the evacuee camp stood. The fort enclosure is shown at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine. Below it, the tortuous Seine forms the eastern boundary of many lots.

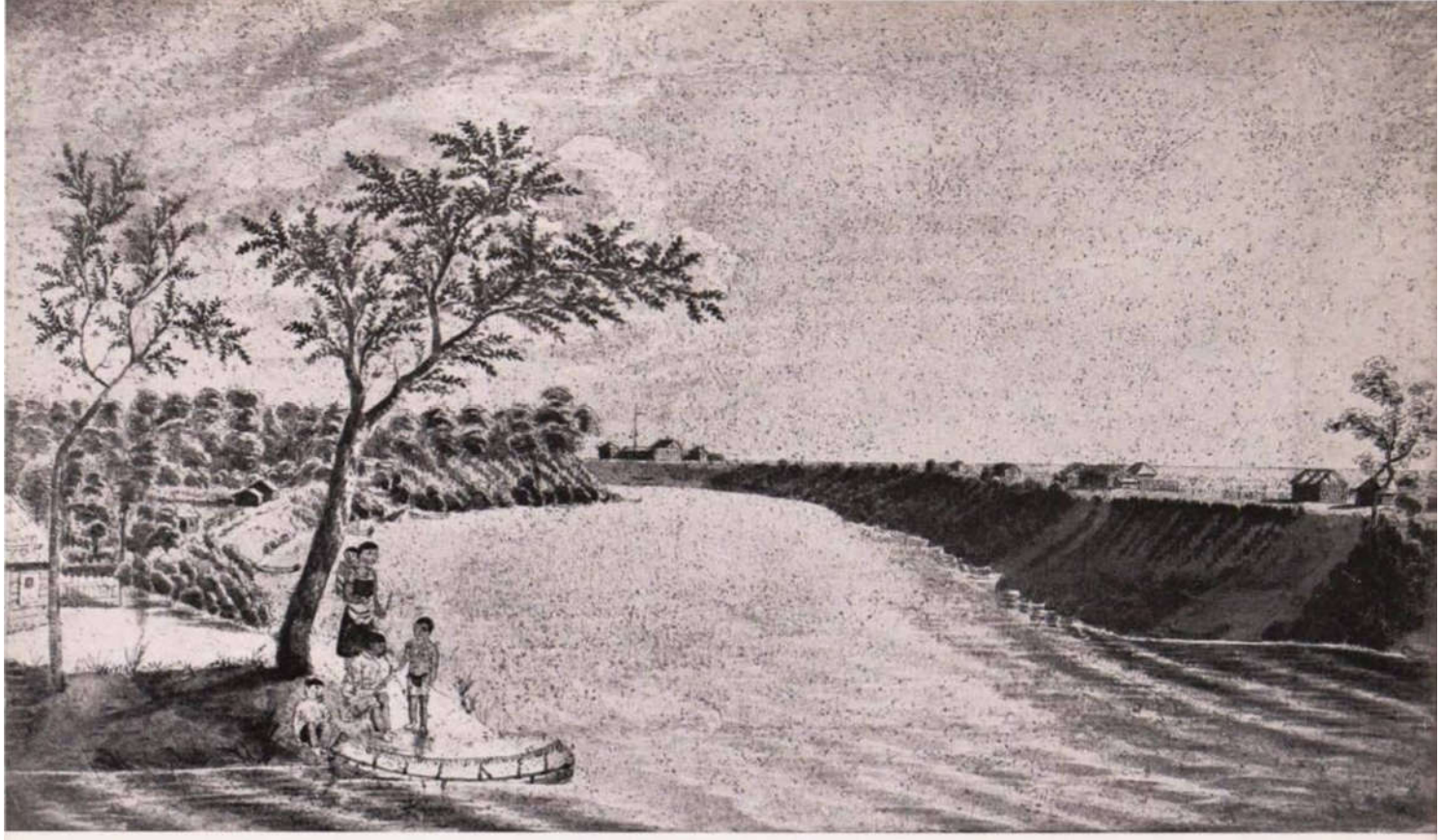
of the people of the settlement employed during the day removing their most valuable effects from their dwellings to high situations on the banks of the Assiniboine, while others placed themselves and property on scaffolds formed amongst the trees; and well was it for them they did so, for before they had fully succeeded, their houses and part of their furniture, were swept off before their eyes by the icy deluge. The havoc was terrible. Boats and canoes were now used in the forts, in passing from one house to another. The clerks and men employed raising all the property higher in the stores than it had been before; the inundation turning out to be greater than at first apprehended. About sixty families with 200 head of cattle enclosed on half an acre of ground, by the floods. Boats sent to give relief. Warm weather, with thunder lightning and rain.

*May 7*th Sunday. About 4 a.m. the ice in the Assiniboine River broke up, and the waters therein rose as high as those of the Red River. The immence discharge of ice poured in from the former, into the latter mentioned river, made the scene as distructive as terrific. The whole population were again in motion, flying to such situations as might afford them a temporary security, leaving in many instances their cattle to perish, and most of their other effects to be swept away; happy in escaping with their lives. Wind variable, with thunder, lightning and rain.

May 8th Monday. The rivers have become almost clear of ice, but the waters increase apace. All the Company's men and boats continue day and night in snatching from watery graves, such of the settlers as were unable to escape from their houses, from the roofs of which, several of them were taken up by our people, with such of their property, as they had saved. Thus repeatedly have the Company been the means of saving the lives of this ill fated people this ill fated year. Cold weather with sleet & rain. Wind N.E.

May 9th Tuesday. The waters still rose, and the whole country has assumed the appearance of a large lake. The boats of the fort continue day and night, in use, saving the settlers, with their remaining cattle and effects from distruction. The wrecks of houses are constantly floating down the stream; and the tales of woe from all quarters are really heart-rending. All claim the aid of the fort, the court of which is constantly filled with a flotilla of canoes, imploring the first helping hand. Warm Weather. Wind N.W.

May 10th Wednesday. The scene of desolation and distress in the settlement, was if possible greater this day than yesterday, or before, as the continued rising of the floods, not only increases the alarm, but also the destruction of property. Our boats employed as yesterday. Our people en-



Peter Rindisbacher's sketch of the junction of the Seine (left) and the Red, done in the early 1820's. Old Fort Douglas is in the distance, Point Douglas on the right. To be able to see across the plain where Winnipeg now stands, Peter must have climbed a tall tree. Though he went through the 1826 flood, he apparently made no sketches of it, and he left with his family for the States soon afterwards.

camped without the fort were from the rapid rising of the waters, obliged to pitch further up the Assiniboine River to higher ground. Tempest with darkness, thunder, lightning and rain.

. . . . .

May 13th Saturday. Our people encamped on the banks of the Assiniboine River have been obliged to pitch their camp some miles higher up that stream; their original encampments being overflowed by the rapid swelling of the waters. The forts stand like a castle of romance in the midst of an ocean of deep contending currents, the water extending for at least a mile behind them, and they are thereby only approachable by boats and canoes. Mr. McKinzie[2] with the few hands he keeps with him in the forts, are obliged to live in the highest stories of the highest houses. The pickets and the chimneys of the houses are falling daily, as well as the plastering of the walls, and even the houses themselves begin to totter on their foundations. It is really distressing to see such fine complete establishments, thus become, in so short a period, in the condition of a wreck. . . . Tempest, with thunder, lightning and rain.

May 14th Sunday. Our people were again forced to remove their camp still higher up the Assiniboine, to the vicinity of Sturgeon Creek.[3] The waters rise so rapidly that the property was considered to be no longer safe in the forts, consequently, our people and most of our boats, with the help of some of the settlers, commenced removing the Company's property, with all dispatch, up the Assiniboine to our encampment there. The rest of our boats were given out to such of the settlers as required assistance to enable them to escape with their lives, and what of their effects remains, to the same place. Our new Block House, on the front side of the fort, the best in Rupert's Land, built last summer, was this morning carried off in an instant with part of the picketing. It fell with a crash like thunder, as if to extinguish our hopes for the safety of the remaining buildings. The chimneys of the houses are nearly all fallen, and the shattered walls of the buildings also begin to give way to the overpowering force of the current. The houses rock to and fro like a ship at sea, every joint opens, every beam bends. The boats were loaded from the garret windows during the day. Cloudy weather in the day time, at night awful thunder lightning and rain. The scene, that of darkness and horror. From the tops of the houses in the fort, whatever way the eye turns, unless where the view is bounded by woods, nothing meets it but water and sky. A stormy lake surrounds us, over which agitated as it now is by contending winds and currents, no craft smaller than our large boats, dare venture, and scarcely these with safety.

May 15th Monday. Our people and boats were employed throughout this day as yesterday, transporting the Company's property from the fort to our encampment up the

2. Chief Factor Donald McKenzie, in charge of Red River District.
3. About 7 miles from Fort Garry.

Assiniboine, and the roofs of our stores had to be opened to get out the same. The boats at the same time were riding on the walls. The buildings are undermining and giving way rapidly to the force of the current. Part of our craft were again given out for the benefit of the public, which they use night and day, but notwithstanding all their exertions, some poor families are obliged to remain in the water for hours, before relief can be afforded them. Weather cloudy, with thunder lightning and rain, but more moderate than yesterday. Wind S.E. and blowing hard.

May 16th Tuesday. All hands as during the two days past, employed in transporting the property of both forts, to our encampment on the Assiniboine, which service was completed at a late hour this evening. Mr. McKinzie, who has ever since the commencement of the inundation, been rocking on the tops of the buildings, to look after the property, and giving directions in all these critical cases, also removed from the forts to our encampment in course of the night, and the forts were then abandoned as too unsafe to reside in. . . . The whole face of the country, both below and above our encampment, is covered with water, and in this windy Weather, looks like an immence lake in a storm. Strong SW wind. Cloudy weather, with a few light showers of rain.

May 17th Wednesday. Two men were placed to watch the forts in a canoe, and give notice. The seed grain was distributed at our encampment, that the people might not perish for want of food, it not being considered prudent to withold it any longer, as their condition from famine is truly desperate. Besides, being tossed about and exposed, we can no longer secure it from the floods. It is now optional with them either to eat, or preserve it for the purpose originally intended. This bone of contention being at length removed, they (the settlers) now see that nothing further in the way of food (part of the requisition of flour excepted) is reserved, everything being, from the necessity of the case, ully in view, on the open plains. The remains of the contribution grain was also distributed among the poor. The waters rise at the rate of two feet in twenty four hours, but at our encampment we have still an elevation of six feet, the highest situation except one, within many miles. All the Canadian, French Halfbreed, Swiss, and Demeuron inhabitants, are encamped around us, and we are only fifteen persons in number to defend that property, which was not considered safe in the forts, from their depredations, and which there were so many plots on foot to seize, while there. Fine warm Windy weather. Wind S.W.

May 18th Thursday. The waters continue to rise at the rate of ten inches in the space of twenty four hours. The people and almost all the cattle are safe with us, and everywhere else, throughout the settlement. Our camp assumes a regular appearance. We have the waters in front, and the land about Sturgeon Creek in the rear. However some of the people being yet in terror from the rapid rise of the floods, have moved some miles from us. The sales go on as briskly as if we were in the forts. . . .

May 19th Friday. Business going on briskly as yesterday. The remainder of the property belonging to the Protestant

The same view that Rindisbacher sketched, as it appeared in August 1950. The mouth of the Seine is on the left, and it will be seen that the river is really about twice as wide as he showed it. The photographer also climbed a tree—but there are no tall ones today. *C.P.W.*

and Roman Catholic clergy was safely landed at our encampment, together with that of such of the Scotch Settlers as have come hither for safety. The water rising at the rate of four inches in twenty-four hours. Two Canadians arrived with Sturgeon from the Rapids, which they sell at 5/- each. Some freemen from beyond Pambina also arrived and report the waters to be as high there as here. High winds during the day, with a dreadful storm of rain, thunder and lightning at night. Boats that were loaded yesterday, for the better securing of part of the property, were with difficulty saved from destruction in the hurricane, and many of the tents were blown down, whereby the poor women and children were drenched by the rain.

May 20th Saturday. . . . Three boats sent for Mr. Logan and his effects. He has been the last man in the settlement to quit his habitation, having trusted to the strength of the Colony Wind Mill, but which he has been at length obliged to abandon, as Old Fort Douglas,[4] in which it stands, began to give way. The waters continue rising. Business going on very briskly with the settlers, whose wants are amply supplied, particularly in Ammunition and tobacco. The butter purchased last Autumn for the use of York Factory, we have been now obliged to sell at first cost, to the starving community, it being also of that quality that makes it impossible to preserve, though the best we could procure in the settlement. This is two years successively we have given Red River Butter a trial, without success, owing to its filthiness and rancidity. Strong North West Wind, with thunder lightning and rain. Almost all the buildings throughout the settlement carried off by the floods and high winds. Many of them containing property.

May 21st Sunday. The people engaged in prayer at the tents of the Clergy. Cloudy weather. Wind W. blowing a

4. The colony headquarters.

strong gale. The camp got on fire, but which was soon got under, there being plenty of help, and a good supply of water.

May 22nd Monday. The inundation seems to have reached, at length, its extreme height, it being imperceptible, whither the water rose or fell during the last thirty six hours, and this happy circumstance seems to revive a gleam of hope in the minds of the forlorn community around us, who are attached to the soil, that their case may not yet be altogether desperate. But by far the majority of these distressed people, and even those of them, who meant until lately to pass the remainder of their days in this country, are now determined to abandon it forever. . . . A Demeuron[5] was last night drowned, in a creek close to our encampment, when in quest of his cattle. Search was made for his remains, but without success. Messrs. McDermot and Nolin arrived at our camp from Pambina in a boat. They both brought furs to sell, but the former most. They state the waters to be falling there, the effects of which we expect soon to experience at this place. . . .

May 23rd Tuesday. The happy discovery was made this morning and hailed with joy by the anxious multitude, that the water had fallen two inches during the last night.[6] This long wished for circumstance seems to bring relief to the minds of all. . . . Sultry weather in the morning, in the evening thunder, lightning, & Rain. Wind variable.

May 24th Wednesday. The sales of Ammunition, Tobacco and other articles, for some days past, to people prepairing for their journeys to other countries, have been very considerable, and the cash and few Furs amongst all the people of our camp have been in consequence nearly all taken in. This renders it not only unnecessary, but even dangerous, to remain with the Company's property, in the midst of such an impoverished and desperate mob. Their past inclination to plunder the forts, gives good reason to suspect, that at this time, when they are on the eve of quitting the Settlement, without money or other means, they might be tempted, now that everything is so much in their power, to put their former plans of depredation into execution. To avoid this, as well as to save the requisition Flour, by feeding our people on fish, and to get to a place of retirement, to wind up the business of the year, out of the way of the importunities of so necessitous a crowd, it has been determined upon by Mr. McKinzie to send all the Company's people and remaining property from this encampment tomorrow morning, to the lower end of the Settlement. . . .

May 25th Thursday. Early this morning all our people (Mr. McKinzie and the one man excepted) embarked on board the boats, which as already stated, were laden yesterday for the purpose, and proceeded down the stream to what was once, (when such existed) called the bottome of the Settlement, where we pitched our camp on a very high bank, alongside of the best fishing-place in the River. . . . From the Forks to this place, and as far as the eye can reach, the country is covered with water and drift wood. And in all that space there are only to be seen the remnants of twenty nine abandoned houses, which are so much shattered and dilapidated, that not above ten of them but must be rebuilt, or repaired, should they even remain without sustaining further injury. . . . Thunder lightning and rain towards evening. It would seem that even the elements have this season combined with the floods and famine to increase, or carry to the highest pitch, the general devastation and distress of the Settlement; for as may be seen on perusal of this journal, few days have passed since the floods commenced, without storms of wind, thunder, lightning and torrents of rain. The waters first undermined the houses, the storms beat them to pieces, and the overpowering currents swept away the ruins.

The site of the camp at "the bottome of the Settlement" was probably close to where the Lower Fort was later built. Heron's journal goes on to describe how, on June 15, they began moving the Company's property back to Fort Garry in boats, and how they were "only able to perform one voyage to the head of the Rapids [where Lockport is now] in two days."

As the water receded from their farms, the settlers began to plant their barley and potatoes. "The little wheat already sown for the purpose of preserving seed, comes on well, and many people now regret they did not put down full crops of that grain."

On June 28 Heron recorded: "Labour goes on briskly throughout the settlement, and it may be said for the first time, that the settlers are really industrious."

On July 1st the Company men were once more "stationed amongst the shattered remains of the fort, after being tossed about nearly two months by the flood and storms." Three days later they "Commenced sales once more in our shop to the settlers; indeed the sales were never interrupted for in all our embarrassments, business went on as regularly as when transacted at the fort." And next day, "The waters are now nearly within the banks of the River in every part. . . . The people of the settlement employed enclosing their farms, and building new houses, with as much energy as if no misfortunes had ever befallen them."

More misfortunes, however, were on their way, for on July 10 the journal records the arrival of an insect pest "called the Grub-worm[7] which in the course of a night destroy whole fields of barley and potatoes, leaving the ground as bare and bleak as before it was planted." And the next day "about noon a thunder storm, and water spout, of unusual force and violence burst upon us, which lasted about half an hour. Trees of the largest magnitude were broken to pieces, or torn up by the roots. Part of the roof of the protestant church was carried away, and several people narrowly escaped with their lives, being actually tossed to and fro in the air. It resembled a tornado."

Despite all these disasters, however, the settlers stuck to their guns. Other than the help afforded them by the Company, they had to rely entirely on their own energy and initiative. Yet in November James Hargrave was able to report: "This place has completely recovered from the mauling it got last spring."

5. One of the disbanded mercenary soldiers brought out by Lord Selkirk.

6. In 1950 the waters began to fall at Winnipeg on May 20.

7. Probably the Army worm. After the 1852 flood, grubs again appeared and destroyed the barley. (James Bird to Geo. Simpson, July 6, 1852.)

Book Reviews

GREEN SEAS AND WHITE ICE, by Miriam MacMillan. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 287 pages.

MRS. MacMillan's book, in which she writes so enthusiastically of her visits to the north, is obviously intended for the general and not the serious reader of Arctic literature. It is divided roughly into four parts. The first tells of her girlhood and marriage to Donald MacMillan, and although it covers only fifteen pages, it could well be abbreviated. The second part deals with a trip to Labrador to meet her husband on the *Bowdoin* at Hopedale, and some weeks spent at Nain. A brief outline of the history of the Moravian missions and their work, and of the influenza epidemic of 1918 is given. The third section gives an account of her first voyage on the *Bowdoin*, to Etah in north Greenland, but on the whole it is just another tale of travel by sea to the Arctic.

The fourth section, however, telling of their voyage to the Rink glacier area (north Greenland), is lively, vivid narrative, and her descriptions of the trials of navigation, the coast, and the people are very readable. Added to this is the introduction of "Bertie," the Cape Cod cook, rotund of form, unpredictable in action, and salty and forthright of speech. If for no other reason than to meet Bertie, the book is worth reading. He provides the right touch of comedy, and his portrait is admirably drawn.

The brief historical sketches of previous voyages to the Davis Strait-Smith Sound area are interesting, and a stimulation to further reading, but although the author takes a justifiable pride in the voyages of her countrymen to the region, little mention is made of the work done by Denmark.

Many readers will wish for a better and larger scale map in order to follow more easily the different stages of the journeys; also for a few dates—not even the year dates of the voyages are given. Such series of exclamations as, "Wham! Bang! Burrrup! Spit! Spam! *Deado!*" which occur more than once are reminiscent of the "comic" strips, and to be deplored.

On the other hand, the illustrations are good, and if economy of publication would permit, more would enhance the value of the book. Mrs. MacMillan's observations that a man to be a suitable member of an Arctic expedition must not only be competent but compatible, and that sound and careful preparation and good management constitute the greater portion of "good luck" and success, are well worth remembering.—*E. W. Manning.*

A SUMMER ON HUDSON BAY, by Mrs. Tom Manning. Illustrated with photographs. Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., London, 1949. 224 pages.

IN this book the author describes her travels and adventures when she accompanied her husband as a member of the Geodetic Survey of Canada; the first woman to be so engaged. There are two expeditions: the first in the summer of 1945 operated out of The Pas, Manitoba, and covered all that territory west of the west coast of Hudson Bay, between Reindeer Lake on the south and Baker Lake on the north. The 1946 expedition flew directly from Ottawa and, after some preliminary surveys in Northern Quebec, the author and her husband continued their geodetic work on the east coast of Hudson Bay and on the adjacent islands from north of the Belchers to Mansel Island, finally ending up at Sugluk where they were picked up by Canso aircraft and flown directly to Ottawa.

As the author explains on page 21, "The whole purpose of our work was to establish every fifty or sixty miles accurate positions by means of which the errors which accumulate from inaccuracies of orienting and scaling the high altitude photographs can be adjusted before the final map is made." The 1945 expedition was made entirely by air, while in 1946 only the preliminary work was done by air. All transportation on Hudson Bay was by Eskimo decked motor boat. The R.C.A.F. was responsible for air transport facilities.

But there is much more than surveys dealt with in Mrs. Manning's book. With a light touch and interesting style, she covers a wide variety of Arctic subjects. There are sidelights on camping, Arctic flying, wild life, white fox cycles, Eskimos and Eskimo life. There are historical references to early Arctic explorers, to the early history of Manitoba's seaport at Churchill, and even an outline history of the Hudson's Bay Company! Her husband being a keen ornithologist, there are naturally many references to bird life and, with characteristic thoroughness an appendix from page 152 to the end of the book covering "The Birds of North-Western Ungava" by T. H. Manning, who is referred to throughout the book as "my husband, Thomas." There is also a very useful map on the end papers.

This is an interesting and informative book for the average reader who wishes to touch on many facets of Arctic and northern life without going too deeply into the various subjects or branches of study. In a delightfully informal way the author carries you along on her travels, digressing here and there to give background notes on places and people she visited. Mrs. Manning is a true northerner. Who else could speak of such camp delights as to "go to sleep with the lullaby sounds of the wind and the surf and the rain?" Moreover she shows excellent taste when she states that "Arctic char takes precedence over the finest salmon I have ever eaten."—*J. W. A.*

BLOOD RED THE SUN, (formerly *The War Trail of Big Bear*) by Wm. Bleasdell Cameron. Foreword by Owen Wister. Kenway Publishing Co., Calgary, Alta. 225 pages.

BLOOD Red the Sun is a personal history of part of the N.W. Rebellion of 1885, and it is hard to realize that its author is still very much alive, is still a talented writer and an active resident of Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan. But better than all tributes to W. B. Cameron is the book itself, for it is a unique and graphic description of a terrible period in the lives and deaths of those who actually lived through those days of savage Indians on their last war path, and all the reader has to do is to place himself in the author's well worn moccasins and read his simply told, truthful tale.

The book tells the story of the Frog Lake Massacre, and its first three chapters deal with the local events of 1884, the increasing hostility of Big Bear's band of nomad Crees, and the dangerous and difficult task of the Police and Indian Agents as they dealt with primitive Indians in the difficult process of changing their mode of life. It is to be remembered that Big Bear did not subscribe to the great Indian Treaty of 1875 until 1879, and only then when pressed by starvation. The whites at Frog Lake had confidence in the Indians in spite of the machinations of Riel's emissaries, but there was always "the mutter of the drums" so vividly told in chapter six.

Then comes the massacre of the nine white men from which the author escaped by a hair's breadth. The dreadful experience of the two white wives torn from their dying husbands and rushed to the Indian camp as captives is related by the women themselves. The author then deals with their tactful rescue from an Indian harem by two loyal half-breeds.

Chapters follow on the capture of undefended Fort Pitt by these Indians and the mass surrender of the whites from there with the ever-present threat of "Frog Lake" before them. Only Constable Cowan of the Mounted Police was killed at Fort Pitt.

Mr. Cameron gives graphic descriptions of the Indian war dances, and of his two precarious months on the move with his captors.

Only when the Indians sensed defeat were the captives liberated, and walked into General Strange's column after the battle of Frenchman's Butte. The book concludes with a description of the Indian trials and executions and there is a verbatim account of Big Bear's magnificent speech in defence of his people.

Sixty-five years have passed since the massacre of Frog Lake. An Historic Sites' cairn unveiled in 1925 by the author now stands on the spot, and his book *Blood Red the Sun* also commemorates it for posterity. This new and revised edition has been republished through the efforts of Kenneth Coppock, the editor of Calgary's *Canadian Cattlemen*, and readers who have been trying for years to get hold of a copy of this unique eye-witness account will welcome its republication.—*C. D. La Nauze.*

KLONDIKE '98, by Ethel Anderson Becker. Binfords & Mort, Portland, Oregon, 1949. 127 pages.

ALTHOUGH historical events and personalities have been recorded by photography for a century, we are usually inclined to think of documentary photo reporting as a comparatively recent innovation made possible by highly sensitive film, fast lenses, fast shutters and compact cameras. The Klondike Gold Rush was perhaps the first thoroughly photographed mass movement in history, for by 1897-98 photographic equipment, while still cumbersome and complicated, had become mobile enough to yield first-rate pictures in the hands of a skilled professional.

Such a man was E. A. Hegg, who sailed to Skagway, Alaska, in 1897 and later moved into the Yukon Territory. In Dawson City he opened a studio which in 1900 he sold to Larss and Duclos, who, incidentally, made the first portrait of this reviewer in his infancy there about six years afterward. Hegg spent altogether twenty years in the Yukon and Alaska, and 4000 of the photographs he took during that time have been preserved.

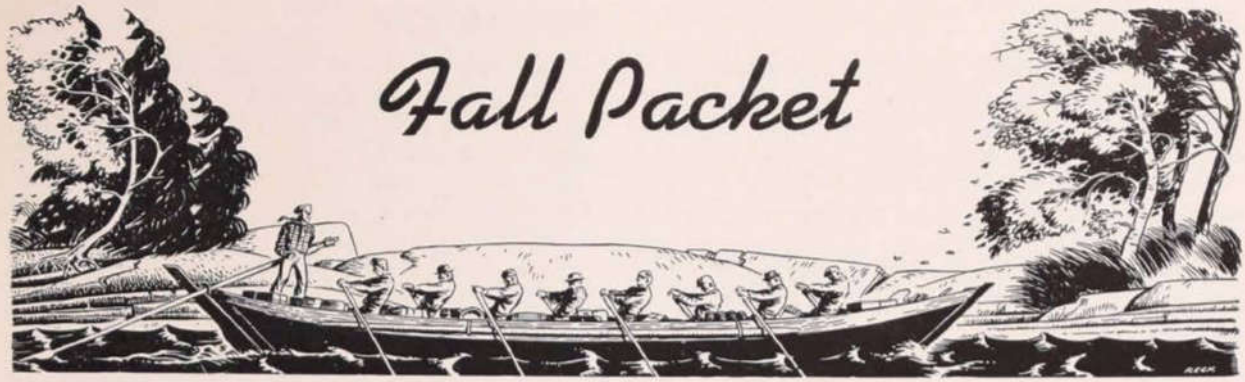
Some 120 of these, documenting the Gold Rush, are presented with commentary by Ethel Anderson Becker in *Klondike '98*. Mrs. Becker lived in the Yukon as a small child. Her father was an associate of E. A. Hegg, with whom she enjoyed a lifelong friendship.

She has handled her material with commendable restraint and simplicity, telling a straightforward story as she has heard it from the lips of her father and mother as well as Mr. Hegg himself. If the facts are here and there a bit blurred by failing memories, the photographs are not. They are uniformly absorbing and many are really extraordinary—even by today's standards. They comprise a cross-section of that fabled cavalcade of the Klondike of more than fifty years ago.

There are not only scenes of Skagway, the Chilkoot Pass, the White Pass and along the rest of the route to Dawson, but also hard-to-get interior views of dwellings and mines. And the people who played in the drama of the Klondike, with their animals and equipment, are featured; the scenery, spectacular though it often is, serves mainly as a backdrop. Hegg contrived to shoot his pictures indoors as well as out and always had an eye for composition as well as history-in-the-making.

"It was no sinecure to develop and print pictures in a tent, with a blizzard howling and freezing," he said. "Many times the cold in the tent became so intense that the developer would have to be heated, and before the pictures were printed a layer of ice would cover the developing tray. Also the low temperatures ruined the developer. To insure purity, the water which had to be melted was filtered through charcoal."

The photographs are well arranged and well reproduced, but the text is marred by inefficient typesetting and proofreading. These imperfections are especially regrettable because the book as a whole is a valuable document worthy of a place in any library of the North.—*Richard Finnie.*



Fall Packet

Discovery

Numerous documents preserved from fur trading days at Fort William, including some from the North West Company era, were discovered last month in a Winnipeg basement. The journals begin in June 1826 and end in January 1848, but there are occasional gaps of several months, and sometimes years. North West Company account books include a list of fur packs received at Fort William in July 1816, and those packed there in 1818 and 1819, as well as a list of trade goods for Lake Huron posts. H B C accounts deal with a variety of subjects between 1832 and 1867. Correspondence covers the period from 1838 to 1865, and includes a copy of the Minutes of the Council of the Southern Department of July 1847, issuing instructions for aid to Sir John Richardson's Franklin search expedition. Among the contracts of service is a beautifully printed French document of 1795. Papers relating to Indians consist of a list of Lake Nipigon natives in 1861 and one of the heads of families along the north shore of Lake Superior dated 1866.

New Bishop

The June *Beaver* went to press just too early to include a note on the consecration of Ven. Archdeacon D. B. Marsh as Anglican Bishop of the Arctic. Bishop Marsh is well known to *Beaver* readers through his photographs and articles, which have been appearing in these pages for several years. Most of his Arctic service of nearly a quarter-century has been spent on the west coast of Hudson Bay, from where he removed to Aklavik a few years ago.

A student of the Caribou Eskimos especially, his pictures of them have been published in *Life, National Geographic*, and *Natural History* magazines, as well as several other periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic.

His consecration took place at St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, on May 30, with a number of northern bishops assisting the Archbishop of Rupert's Land. Afterwards he travelled north to Aklavik, where on June 18 he was enthroned in All Saints Pro-Cathedral. At this ceremony Canon Colin Montgomery of Aklavik (the Field Marshal's brother) officiated, assisted by Canon H. Cook and Rev. J. E. Sittichinli.

Circumnavigation

The stout little R.C.M.P. vessel *St. Roch* has been receiving merited acclaim as the first ship ever to circumnavigate the North American continent. Newspapers and radio carried the story far and wide, and *Life* gave it five pages in their issue of June 19. Only one small voice (that we heard) was raised in denial of the claim—that of Frank Kelley writing in the *Victoria Colonist* of April 29. Mr. Kelley pointed out that the *Beaver* in its issues of December 1934 and March 1935 carried a two-part story on the circumnavigation of North America by the little Company schooner *Fort James*.

The fact of the matter is that the *Fort James* went almost all the way round the northern half of the continent—except for about 250 miles between King William Island post and Cambridge Bay. In 1928 she sailed from St. John's, Nfld., to Gjoa Haven, where Amundsen had wintered on King William Island, and where she spent two winters. While there she connected with the Company's schooner *Fort McPherson* coming from the Western Arctic. In 1934 word came to transfer her to the Western Arctic, and in order that she should be there on time, Captain Snelgrove took her round by the Panama Canal and Alaska to Cambridge Bay. Had she been of shallower draught, she would have been able to complete the 250-mile gap that remained.

Fort Vancouver

The "Cenaqua" (Century-and-a-quarter) celebrations of the founding of Fort Vancouver—now Vancouver, Washington—came to a climax last month when the week of August 6-12 was given over to festivities of various sorts. On three successive nights a pageant was presented, depicting the origin and growth of the city, and the final day was featured by a monster parade, and the staging of the square-dance championship of Washington and Oregon. The celebrations were organized and directed by a local organization called the Stockaders, who are actively interested in the colourful story of their city.

False Alarm

News travelled slowly in the North a hundred years ago, and in these days of international tension and North American solidarity it is amusing in more ways than one to read what Colin Fraser of Jasper's House had to say to William Thew on May 1st 1847. The Oregon boundary treaty had been signed the previous June, and yet Fraser could write:

"The wolves are eating our horses as bad as ever, however if the devision of the British army should think of passing here to give a beasting to the Yankies in the Columbia, you will be sure of a horse to ride across the Mountain portage (I see you laugh at this) I understand there are twelve or thirteen British Ships of war in the Columbia and about four hundred Soldiers at Red River Settlement since last fall, so you see we are on the eve of having a Spot with our Brother Jonathan, and I guess it will be a good one if they do begin."

Contributors

Field Marshal the Rt. Hon. the *Viscount Alanbrooke, K.G., G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O.*, who was Chief of the Imperial General Staff in the late war, is a member of the London Board of the Hudson's Bay Company. . . . *J. W. Anderson* is manager of the Ungava (Eastern Arctic) section of the Company's fur trade department. . . . *Frank H. Ellis* has often contributed articles to these pages dealing with early aviation in Canada. . . . *Richard Finnie*, photographer, lecturer and writer on Canada's north, is a Yukoner by birth, and at present shuttles between San Francisco and Saudi Arabia. . . . *Richard and Lyn Harrington's* chief mission in life is recording the Canadian scene by means of the printed word and photo. This summer they visited the tenth province. . . . *Francis Heron* of Donegal joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1812 and served at York, Cumberland House, Edmonton, and Fort St. John before coming to Fort Garry. He was made a chief trader in 1828, after which he went to Brandon House and Fort Colvile. In 1839 he retired, and died the following year at Londonderry. . . . Canon *R. B. Horsefield* of Flin Flon, Manitoba, is an authority on Indian languages. . . . *C. D. La Nauze* is a retired Asst.-Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. His father served the Force from 1880-82. . . . *Robert F. Legget* is director of the division of building research of the National Research Council, Ottawa. . . . *Margaret Arnett MacLeod* is noted for her research into the history of the fur trade in the 19th century. . . . Mrs. *T. H. Manning* is the author of "Igloo for the Night" and "A Summer on Hudson Bay" (reviewed here). . . . *Molly McFadden* of Winnipeg is a student of Red River history. . . . *W. L. Morton* is chairman of the department of history and professor of Canadian history at the University of Manitoba. . . . *Frank Walker* is an editorial writer on the "Winnipeg Free Press."

Photos Needed

The Montreal office of the Arctic Institute of North America is building up a collection of Arctic pictures, and would welcome contributions to it from readers of this magazine. At present the collection numbers about 1400 prints taken over a period of several years, but this is only a nucleus of what the Institute hopes to assemble. The pictures will be used for reference, teaching, and illustration, but none of them will be published without permission from the donor.

The section of the Arctic covered is wider than that of the *Beaver*, since it takes in Greenland and Alaska as well as the Canadian Arctic. Even prints of poor quality will be acceptable if they contain evidence of interest to the student—a curiously shaped kyak, details of native costume, an early view of an Arctic post, historic ships, and so on.

Pictures will be found most useful if a short note on subject, locality, date, and source is written on the back of each, but lightly enough so that no impression is left on the face of the print. Contributions should be addressed to the Arctic Institute, 3485 University St., Montreal.

R.C.M.P. ¼ly

Fictional tales of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are a dime a dozen, and doubtless cause many a laugh among the members of that world-famous force. Factual tales are harder to come by, but they can be found in the Force's own publication, the *R.C.M.P. Quarterly*. This is a handsomely produced magazine in which you can learn what the Mounties are doing to-day, as well as what they did in times past.

In the April 1950 number, for instance, there is a highly interesting story on the crime detection laboratories at Ottawa and Regina, which shows that the modern criminal who tangles with the Force has no more chance of winning than the frontier desperado of earlier days. In the same issue is an article, "History Making in 1895," describing the work of the police on the prairies, followed by a technical treatise on "Stripping and Axial Bullet Engravings" by one of the Force's ballistics experts.

The July issue carries a story on "one of the most arduous and least publicized patrols in the history of the Force,"—the Bathurst Inlet patrol of 1917-18, which covered more than 5,000 Arctic miles—and an article on Forts Pelly and Livingstone in Saskatchewan.

A regular feature of the *Quarterly* which should provide the basis for quite a few embroidered tales is "Recent Cases," describing in brief some of the knottier problems that the police have lately dealt with.

The *Quarterly* is now available to the public at the rate of one dollar a year, and can be obtained by writing to the editor at the Justice Building, Ottawa, Ontario.

Her Majesty the Queen, on a visit to the garden laid out by the Hudson's Bay Company in front of Beaver House, talks with the Company's Governor, Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper.

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